

The Listener

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'The Esplanade, Brighton, 1842': a colour lithograph by Charles J. Basébe, from the exhibition 'The Victorian Scene' at the Leicester Galleries, London (see page 468)

In this number:

The Future of German Democracy (John Midgley)
 A Visit to Eighteenth-century York (Sir Albert Richardson)
 New Developments in Soviet Literature (Manya Harari)



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The Listener

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Indo-China and the Peace of the World

By BRIAN CROZIER

WE have heard so much recently about the troubles in the Middle East that most of us tend to forget that there are other danger-spots in the world. I am thinking of Formosa and Indo-China, particularly Indo-China. In London during the past week there have been three meetings on this half-forgotten trouble area. The third of these was held only today*. Those taking part are Lord Reading, the Minister of State, and Mr. Gromyko, who is Russia's First Deputy Foreign Minister. If you have not been following events in Indo-China fairly closely, you might wonder why these meetings are taking place, why they are being held now rather than at any other time, and even why those taking part are Russian and British. These questions are worth answering because they show how it is that we British, although we are not as great a power in the world as we used to be, still find ourselves with responsibilities in places that do not concern us directly.

It all goes back to Geneva in April 1954. Those were the days of Dien Bien Phu, the last battle of the Indo-China war. The French Union forces were fighting a losing battle against superior Communist forces and in Geneva the statesmen of nine nations were meeting to try to find a way of bringing this long and costly struggle to an end. As things happened, the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden, as he then was, became one of the co-chairmen of that conference. And the other was Mr. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister. That is how we have come to have a special responsibility about what is happening in Indo-China. It is an odd situation, because we have never had much of a stake in Indo-China; in the old colonial days it was a special French preserve. But with the trouble we had with the Communist bandits in Malaya from 1948 onwards, we could not help taking an interest in Indo-China, just round the corner, so to speak. It was true then, and it is still true, that Indo-China is the gateway to south-east Asia. If the

whole of what used to be French Indo-China went Communist, I would not give much for the safety of Malaya, and if I were back in my native country—Australia—I should be wondering how long it would take the Communists to be knocking at Australia's door.

So it is not difficult to see why we are interested in Indo-China, but as things have turned out the situation we are in is still rather curious. You remember how the Geneva conference of 1954 ended: the largest of the three states of what used to be French Indo-China, the state of Viet-Nam, was divided in two at the seventeenth parallel. The top half was handed over to the Viet-Minh, the Communists, and the lower half went to a nationalist regime headed by Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem. The other two states, Laos and Cambodia, were declared independent. In Cambodia things have turned out fairly well, but in Laos, the Communists were supposed to give up two provinces they had seized, but they have held on to them ever since. As for Viet-Nam, it is easy now to see where the agreements went wrong. Mr. Diem's Government looked shaky at the time of the Geneva agreements, and no one took much notice of the Viet-Nameese nationalists when they said they would have nothing to do with the agreements. It was the French who took over the responsibility for seeing that the agreements were carried out and, as far as the military side of the agreements was concerned, it has worked out fairly smoothly. But the trouble is that there was a political side to the agreements as well. General elections were supposed to take place throughout Viet-Nam in July 1956—three months from now—so that the country could be reunified.

That is where the agreements have really broken down. President Diem, as he now is, has performed something of a miracle. Nobody expected him to survive in office, but he has not only survived, he now seems to be in a fairly strong position. And he has always refused to take part in these general elections on the date prescribed. He is not

against general elections as such, but he knows the population in the north is larger than in the south, and he also knows that free elections—the kind we have in this country—have never yet happened in a communist country. So to allow an election would mean virtually handing over his half of the country to the Viet-Minh and, he argues, he did not sign the Geneva agreements, so why should he do this?

As things are, Mr. Diem has to be reckoned with, and it is absurd to expect the French to see to it that elections are held next July in Viet-Nam, against the wishes of the Viet-Nameese Government. In any case, there are only about 10,000 French troops left in Viet-Nam, and by agreement between the French and Viet-Nameese, they are all going to be withdrawn before next July. The situation is therefore confused, and I think you will agree that Indo-China is still a danger-spot. The trouble is that the Viet-Minh, the Viet-Nameese Communists in the north, have a powerful army. Indo-China is an old hunting ground of mine, and I remember when I was in Hanoi during the Indo-China war, the French officers used to say they wished they had General Giap on their side. General Giap is still the Viet-Minh—the Communist—commander-in-chief, and it does not take a mind-reader to guess what is going on in his mind. He must be feeling that he got the worst of the bargain at Geneva and that the simplest way to put things right would be to march across the seventeenth parallel into southern Viet-Nam.

As for the south, it, too, has a strong and well-equipped army, though not much more than a third the size of the Viet-Minh army. It is being trained by the Americans, and I have no doubt would make a good showing if attacked, but it has had nothing like the battle experience of the Viet-Minh army, so I am afraid we have to assume that if it came to a straight fight between north and south, General Giap would be in Saigon, President Diem's capital, in a matter of weeks.

But it probably will not come to a straight fight between north and south, otherwise there would be little point in Lord Reading sitting down at a table in London with Mr. Gromyko and trying to settle the

fate of Viet-Nam. No, the world is still at the stage where disputes of this kind have to be settled between the Great Powers, and it is impossible to understand what is going on in Viet-Nam at the moment without bringing the Great Powers into it. If you look at it that way the whole picture changes. It is not simply a case of Viet-Nameese Communists against Viet-Nameese Nationalists. Behind the Viet-Nameese Communists, the Viet-Minh, are the Chinese and the Russians. And behind the Viet-Nameese Nationalists, Mr. Diem's Government, are the Americans. In fact not simply the Americans, although they are the ones who are taking the most interest in Mr. Diem and doing the most to support him: we are in it, too, and so are the French, although they are leaving Indo-China; we are both in it because we are members of the South East Asia Treaty Organisation, and Seato has warned the Communists that it will take action if the Communists launch a military attack in any part of Indo-China.

That is where we come back to the talks that are going on in London. Before the talks started there was an exchange of Notes between London and Moscow. The Russians started off, as they usually do, with a string of accusations. For instance, they accused the Americans of trying to build up the south as a military base for Seato. The Foreign Office dealt easily with that one: it pointed out that the Nationalist Army in the south was actually being cut down, while it was the Communist army in the north that was being built up. But there is one thing in the British Note that I would like to stress because it strikes me as a commonsense approach. It points out that the most important thing in Viet-Nam is to preserve the peace. Later on, we can always get back to a political settlement. In other words, the general elections can always be put off, but let us not allow a war to happen under our noses in Viet-Nam.

The Russians are always talking about peace, and it seems to me that this is their chance to prove that they mean what they say. They can easily see to it that the Viet-Minh does not launch an attack in Viet-Nam. That is the kind of gesture I would like to see from the Russian leaders who are dropping in on us this week.—*Home Service*

The Soviet Leaders' Visit

By LORD STRANG

A GOOD many people are divided in mind, as I am myself, about the forthcoming visit of the Soviet leaders*. One thing is plain: it is we who issued the invitation. The Soviet leaders are coming as our guests. They will be received by Government and people as such, with all courtesy and with a sincere desire to promote a growth of mutual understanding. But while they are here there are a number of things we all ought to remember.

First of all, although there may be a 'new look' in the Soviet Union, there are many things that have not changed. Stalin has been toppled off his pedestal and, like Trotsky, may some day be denied his place in the Soviet history books. And there may also, for example, have been some let-up in the operation of internal security for the time being. But the Soviet Union is still a one-party dictatorship, a totalitarian regime which is the negation of free democracy as we know it. It is run by self-appointed rulers intent on maintaining their own absolute authority over one of the two most powerful states in the world, and holding a number of once-free European peoples in bondage. Externally, the Soviet objective is still to break up the hard-won unity of the free peoples and to foment difficulties in sensitive parts of the world. I am sure that this remains their essential objective. One has only to look at the Middle East, for example, to find immediate proof.

There are some things which seem to be new, but which are not new at all, and which have appeared on the scene on other occasions before. One of these is the doctrine of 'peaceful coexistence'. This doctrine was propounded by Lenin. Ever since the revolution it has alternated with the contrary principles of 'indiscriminate hostility'. It may well do so again. Another is the principle of 'collective leadership'. This principle was preached by Lenin and by Stalin. It was disregarded and violated by both of them. It is now being preached by Mr. Khrushchev. Will it come to anything this time? Or will the party leader—for it is he and not Mr. Bulganin who is the power in the land—once again aspire to sole and absolute leadership? We cannot tell: but on the answer to this question much will depend, both for the future of the Soviet Union and for the future of the world.

But in one thing, at any rate, there has certainly been a change. Stalin would never leave the territory of the Soviet Union unless he could surround himself with Soviet troops, as he did at Teheran and at Potsdam. Now, the Soviet Prime Minister and the Party Secretary mix freely with the leaders and peoples of foreign countries on foreign soil. They do not behave quite like this at home. At home, their regime is still founded on fear. But abroad, they can exercise the undoubted and rather appealing Russian talent for the warm-hearted, personal approach. And there is method in all this, this direct approach to foreign peoples, over the heads of their Governments, can be used to plant a favourable image of Soviet policy in the popular mind. Nothing is more insidious than the temptation to believe that because a foreign leader is personally agreeable and apparently benevolent his policy must necessarily be benevolent, too. That is a temptation which we must all resist.

The Soviet authorities complained publicly and rather ungraciously the other day that some forces in this country did not want to permit wider contacts between the Soviet leaders and the British people. The Foreign Office at once gave a proper answer to this unfounded complaint. We all want the Soviet leaders to meet our people. We also want the ordinary Soviet people to be allowed to meet our own people, and we hope our visitors will do something about this. There is a double moral for us in this episode. It shows how great is the importance attached by the Soviet leaders to their direct wooing of foreign opinion in general and this country in particular. It also shows how little their friendly behaviour to foreign governments, even on a friendly occasion, is to be relied upon.

Meanwhile, the world is watching to see whether the British people, as a result of this visit, will in any degree be drawn away from their allies either in sentiment or in policy. I should myself think that there need be no fear of that. As for the 'serious governmental discussions' which are in the British view the true purpose and real justification of the visit, these can safely be left in the hands of the Government who, we may be sure, are well aware of all the issues involved.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Three Hundred Years of Anglo-Jewry

By LORD SAMUEL

ALL children in this country, when they first go to school, learn how this island in the North Atlantic came to be populated as it is: first by Celtic tribes from the Continent, then by Angles and Saxons from Germany; with invasions of Romans, Danes, and Norman-French, and afterwards immigrations from Flanders, Holland, and France—most of them of people driven out by religious persecutions. This intermingling has proved of great value. In the complicated civilisation of the modern age all kinds of different skills, aptitudes, and ideas are wanted. 'It takes all sorts to make a world' has become a proverb.

Of the various incomers over the centuries the most important, judged by results, proved to be the monks of Rome, led by St. Augustine, who brought here the religion of the Bible. Embodied in the Bible was the Moral Law which was to become the foundation of the social life of this country, as of so many others.

Four hundred years after Augustine, under the protection of the Norman Kings, a small number of Jews came over—that people, strangely unique, who already had measured their history, not in centuries, but in thousands of years. Scattered over the world, they kept their distinctive character, through a racial continuity that was itself preserved by the observances of the Bible. Those first few Jews settled with their families in England, and prospered, but not for long. In the tide of religious excitement that swept over Europe in the time of the Crusades, many of the Jews in Germany were massacred, and all the Jews in England were expelled. For the next four centuries there were only a handful in this country, living precariously and concealed.

But when the Puritan movement took hold in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, an intense interest in the Bible spread among the English people. Biblical names and Biblical texts were heard everywhere in daily talk. The people of the Old Testament, their dispersal, the prophecies of their return, were subjects of continual discussion. Added to this was the knowledge, among those responsible for public affairs, that across the North Sea, in Holland, a community of Jews had grown up and prospered. The principles of political liberty and religious toleration established by the Dutch allowed them to practise their religion without interference: they became active in commerce and useful to the state. Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, was well aware of this. When a delegation

of the Jews of Amsterdam came over to ask for leave to establish a community here, with similar liberties, he and his Council gave them a favourable hearing. Permission was granted, and in the year 1656 the first pioneers came over, and settled in London. Now, in 1956, the Anglo-Jewish community of today is commemorating the third centenary.

For a long time the numbers remained small. Not until the latter part of the nineteenth century was there any considerable volume of Jewish immigration; this had followed upon the Russian pogroms of the eighteen-eighties. Now again, in our own time, we have witnessed the mass flight of German and Austrian Jews from the Nazi extermination: a small part were able to reach these shores and so saved their lives. The various immigrations of refugees from religious persecutions in countries of the Continent added elements to the population that proved in many ways useful and stimulating. A nation which is willing to accept among its citizens people who care for the things of the spirit, who are stubborn in matters of conscience and ready to suffer for their beliefs, will not lose by its tolerance. Nor will it fail to gain materially by the introduction of new skills and abilities.

The Flemish wool merchants and weavers in the Middle Ages had introduced into England what was at that time its most profitable industry. (The Lord Chancellor, seated in the House of Lords on a Woolsack, still reminds us of it.) The French Protestants, the Huguenots, driven out by a blind persecution—about 80,000 in number—were, as a rule, citizens of education and high character, and added notably to the strength of the nation. The Russian and Polish refugees of the nineteenth century brought with them some industries previously unknown. Now, in the twentieth, the Nazis have driven away many of the ablest professors and researchers from their universities, and a great number of capable scientists, technologists, industrialists, and merchants—to Germany's loss and Britain's gain.

We stand too close to those events to be able to see them in their proper proportion. Generations will pass before mankind will fully realise the infamy of Hitler and his accomplices. The deliberate murder of probably six millions of human beings, wholly innocent of any offence; starved to death in concentration camps, or asphyxiated, hundreds at a time, in gas chambers, their bodies burnt in refuse incinerators—this must stand out as, without doubt, the most monstrous crime in all the blood-stained annals of human



Menasseh ben Israel (1604-1657), the chief spokesman of the Jews in their petition to Cromwell, in 1656, to obtain official recognition in this country: portrait from an etching by Rembrandt



The oldest Jewish cemetery in England, 'The House of Life', in the Mile End Road, Stepney, founded in 1656

history. The ancient massacres by Goths, Huns, or Mongols pale into insignificance, and, with all the victims of all the religious persecutions, throughout the ages, added to them, would not match the total of this one holocaust.

These events were a shock to the Christian world. That such a thing should have been possible—among a nation which had thought itself in the forefront of world culture, situated at the very centre of a Europe believed to be enlightened, and after more than a thousand years of established Christianity—that this should have been, not merely conceived in the ravings of some maniac, but actually carried into effect by the legal government of a great historic state—this could not fail to cause deep distress, even dismay, to those who were convinced believers in the truth and grace of the Christian religion.

In order to develop among the people of this country an understanding of these events and their origin, so that not even a first step along so disastrous a path should be possible here, the Christian Churches, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Canterbury, invited the Jewish community to join them in establishing a Council of Christians and Jews: its purpose was to develop, stimulate, and guide a public opinion on these matters that should be rational and humane.

All this is part of the background to the present commemoration. It has helped to evoke from the national authorities a response to this initiative taken by the Jewish community that has been beyond all anticipation. The celebrations have been spaced out and have taken several forms. One was a religious service of Thanksgiving and Dedication, held in the oldest synagogue, built in the City of London only a few years after the return, and still intact. There has also been a historical exhibition, of great interest, which was accommodated in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Of the council formed to organise the

commemoration, Her Majesty the Queen has graciously become the patron. The Council of Christians and Jews have given it their active support, and the Church of Scotland, the Free Church Council, and the Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist Churches individually have sent it messages of congratulation and goodwill. The Archbishop of Canterbury is giving a reception in the garden of Lambeth Palace. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London are lending Guildhall for a banquet, at which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will be the guest of honour. Of these events a permanent memorial will remain in a fund, raised within the community, to be devoted, partly to helping to provide more leaders for the youth movement, which has long been actively engaged in fostering a right atmosphere for the rising generation; partly to the advancement of learning by the establishment of lectureships in Judaic studies at the universities.

The philosopher, comparing the modern world with the ancient or the medieval, will not fail to note, among others, this significant difference. For thousands of years attempts were continually made—by wars, or by penal laws, or perhaps by the pressure of public opinion—to suppress all diversities of religious belief and practice. Now, over the greater part of the globe, those attempts have almost ceased. The principle is becoming generally recognised, as one of the essential elements in an enlightened civilisation, that each man, without surrendering his own beliefs, must be willing to grant to other people an equal toleration for theirs. The distinctive tenets of the Jewish faith, always and everywhere, have offered an acid test of the real acceptance of that fundamental principle. On this tercentenary, the spirit in which the commemoration has been received by the representative authorities of the nation shows that, here at least and by the present generation, this august principle is accepted in all sincerity, is honoured and observed. And that is perhaps its chief significance.—*Home Service*

The Future of German Democracy

By JOHN MIDGLEY

WE may have to adjust ourselves to the idea of a possible change of government in west Germany. Politics at Bonn in the last few years have run on simple and unvarying lines, so that most of us have got into the habit of thinking that they will go on in the same way. But signs have begun to appear that they may not. Ever since the Federal Republic was founded in 1949 its government has been in the hands of Dr. Adenauer, who has come to be identified with the German Federal Republic, in many people's eyes, to a point at which they can be forgiven for wondering whether, if he were to die, or retire, or if he were to be driven from power by his opponents, it would still be recognisably the same state.

It is precisely against this tendency to identify Dr. Adenauer with the Federal Republic that there are signs of a reaction nowadays in the political parties at Bonn. The Chancellor himself is well aware of his position as the familiar and trusted representative of Germany to the western world, and on occasion, when he has had to deal with critics or opponents at home, he has not been averse from reminding his own people how much of their country's political credit is invested in him. In the past, while they resented this kind of argument, they often felt obliged to give way before it. But there have been signs lately that it is no longer the trump card that it was. Perhaps it has been played oftener than was really wise. At any rate, in the wave of restlessness which has come over west German politics this winter and spring, there is noticeable a self-conscious, perhaps I ought to say self-assertive, desire to demonstrate that Dr. Adenauer is not identical with German democracy. At times in the last few weeks the campaign has become bitter and shrill. One has been reminded now and then of the Athenian citizen who voted to ostracise the statesman Aristides, because he was bored with hearing Aristides always called 'the Just'. The phrase 'the cult of personality' has been picked up from Moscow and turned against the Chancellor in Bonn. Often enough a nation is ready to entrust its affairs unreservedly to a man in time of crisis or great need, and then, when things are easier, to make plain its desire for a change. The Germans, if this proves to be their mood, will not be unique in that respect. What is special about the German situation is that nobody knows in what direction the pres-

sure for change will push the Federal Republic if and when that pressure gets the upper hand.

The new thing in west German politics—new in German politics since the war, that is—is the pressure for change for the sake of change. The way in which the Land government at Düsseldorf, the regional administration of North Rhine-Westphalia, was overthrown in February brought this suddenly to people's attention, in Germany as well as outside. What happened was in itself perfectly proper and parliamentary. Similar things had happened earlier in other Länder, for instance in Bavaria. There the parties which at that time were Dr. Adenauer's allies at Bonn joined in a coalition to exclude the Christian Social Union from office, nearly eighteen months ago; and there was no great stir when that happened, and no sign that it damaged Dr. Adenauer's position at Bonn. North Rhine-Westphalia, it is true, is a specially important Land; it includes the Ruhr and Lower Rhine, Germany's biggest concentration of population, industry, and money; it is close to the centre, and influential; Bonn is its territory. But the significant feature of the change of government at Düsseldorf lay rather in the fact that it was openly aimed against the Bonn coalition with its Christian Democratic leadership. It was an event in national rather than in regional politics, and its reactions in national politics were immediate.

Herr Karl Arnold, who had governed North Rhine-Westphalia for nine years, is a Christian Democrat, one of Dr. Adenauer's party, but he had conducted two successful coalitions with the Social Democrats, and, though that alliance broke up, he kept the reputation of being a moderate, progressive politician, somewhat on the left of his party, not a conservative like Dr. Adenauer, but a middle of the road Christian Socialist. It was Herr Arnold's bad luck to be the first sacrifice on the altar of the new movement to enliven the working of democracy at Bonn. There was an irony in the fact that when the present Diet at Düsseldorf was elected in 1954, Arnold would have preferred to renew the coalition with the Socialists. But Dr. Adenauer took a hand in the negotiations and saw to it that Arnold formed a right-wing Cabinet with the Free Democrats instead. They were the Chan-

cellor's allies at Bonn, and he preferred to see the same alignment at Düsseldorf. Some disapproval was expressed at the time by German students of politics who thought it ill-advised, in a federal state, to impose on the regions the political alignments of the Federal capital in disregard of local politics. And it exacerbated the feelings of resentment and frustration of the Social Democrats, who often complain, rightly or wrongly, that they are being deliberately excluded from their due share of responsibility in the young Federal Republic.

'Düsseldorf Conspiracy'

In February, Herr Arnold's Free Democrat allies turned against him and negotiated a new alliance with the Socialists, with whom they proceeded to form a Land Government, the first in North Rhine-Westphalia to be led by anyone but Herr Arnold; in fact it was led by Herr Steinhoff, a trade-union Socialist and an old anti-nazi; he is a former mayor of Hagen, in the Ruhr, and his Deputy Chief Minister is a much younger man who had served under him at Hagen, a Free Democrat, Herr Willi Weyer. Their Cabinet is a wholly respectable body of men, but their action in forming it is known at Bonn, at any rate among the official Christian Democrats, as the 'Düsseldorf conspiracy'. Hard words have been used about it, and hard words thrown back. The 'conspirators'—I am only using the term for convenience; in fact their action was nothing if not open—justified their action as a blow against 'one party rule' at Bonn, an explanation singularly revealing of the muddle which still exists in Germany about the nature of democratic government. In any ordinary vocabulary 'one party rule' means a system very different from that which has put the Christian Democrats in power at Bonn—quite legitimately, with a parliamentary majority and the backing of the largest section of the electorate. The phrase is a cover for a motive which politicians are often reluctant to put into plain words, though in fact it is perfectly normal in politics: the desire to get power. The Social Democrats at Düsseldorf can fairly say that if the Free Democrats were good enough allies for Herr Arnold and Dr. Adenauer, they are good enough for them. As they have pointed out, Dr. Adenauer himself had debarred them from reaching office by any other means.

What of the counter-charges that have been thrown at the Free Democrats in Düsseldorf, that, for instance, they are nazis, or neo-nazis, or nationalists? In the first place we have to avoid being confused by the fact that the Free Democrats, or many of them, call themselves liberals. Certainly liberalism and nazism are opposites; but in Germany liberalism and nationalism are not opposites at all. As in Italy, so in Germany, the character of liberalism was strongly, indelibly marked by the struggle for national unity in the nineteenth century. The Free Democrats are the heirs of at least three parties of the Weimar Republic—the old Democratic Party, whom I would call the true liberals; Stresemann's German People's Party, or the national liberals; and the right-wing nationalists who were landed by Hugenberg, against the wishes of some of them, in the position of supporting Hitler's rise to power.

Liberal and National Strands

It has never yet been possible to say with certainty which of these strands will predominate in the Free Democratic party of the future. President Heuss, the party's former leader, is a true liberal, but he is now, of course, above party politics. Dr. Thomas Dehler, the present chairman, certainly started out as a liberal, and his devotion to individual freedom does not admit of doubt; but his attempts to represent all the factions of his party tend to bring the national strand in his ideas more and more to the front—all the more because the aspiration for national unity preoccupies German politicians again, just as it did in the nineteenth century. Dr. Dehler has supported the young men of North Rhine-Westphalia in their action against the Christian Democrats, and they have supported him in the open quarrel that has resulted with the group of his party at Bonn still faithful to Dr. Adenauer, a quarrel that has accompanied the break up of the government coalition. For the present Dr. Dehler is very much dependent on the Düsseldorf group, and its influence is growing. It would be foolish to forget that it was the Düsseldorf region of the party into which the friends of Dr. Verner Naumann (Goebbels' former State Secretary) decided to infiltrate, and there has never been any real doubt that they did have a measure of success. Herr Achenbach, Dr. Naumann's defender, only narrowly failed this month to secure election as deputy chairman of the Free Democrats in North Rhine-Westphalia. But Herr Achenbach and Herr Naumann are almost elder statesmen compared to the men who

now control the party machine in the region—Herr Weyer, aged thirty-nine; Herr Döring, thirty-seven; Herr Scheel, thirty-six.

These young men were aged thirteen, fourteen and sixteen when Hitler came to power. Dr. Adenauer can give the oldest of them forty years. Naturally they have all been through some nazi organisation or other, if it was only the Hitler youth. This by itself does not make them nazis, and it would be wrong to prejudge them because of it. If not they, then some men of their generation who are almost bound to have roughly similar experiences will govern Germany in the future. What is disturbing about them so far is not an addiction to wrong ideas, but their apparent freedom from any definable set of political ideas at all. Their youth and their sudden success have made an impact; people are wondering whether they are the type of party manager of the future; but nobody has a clear idea what they want. Energy, push, and tactical skill have got them where they are, combined with a restless dissatisfaction with the prevailing Government at Bonn, the rule, as they see it, of the old men.

They did not cause the quarrel at Bonn between Dr. Dehler and the Chancellor; Dr. Adenauer was pursuing the quarrel with vigour before the 'Düsseldorf conspiracy' was hatched. But they brought it to a head, and their restless mood is symptomatic, though in an extreme form, of a mood that is perceptibly spreading at Bonn as well. By precipitating the break-up of the Bonn coalition they have opened up the possibility that the next Federal Government, after the general elections in September next year, may not be a Christian Democratic government, but may be a coalition of Dr. Adenauer's former allies with the Socialists who have opposed him year in, year out, since 1949 or earlier. Once this possibility was perceived, the restlessness spread to the Christian Democrats themselves. They, since they are not anxious to lose power, are beginning to feel themselves forced into the active competition with the other parties which they had for a time been spared. Dr. Adenauer is eighty. The succession to the Christian Democratic leadership, so far unsettled, and indeed never openly discussed among them, has begun to occupy his followers actively.

Important New Factor

That in itself is an important new factor in German politics. It is a mistake to look at what is happening in Germany solely in the narrow terms of the conflict between Dr. Adenauer and Dr. Dehler, two temperamentally antagonistic men, or of the internal divisions in Dr. Dehler's party—or indeed to treat it as a Free Democratic party phenomenon in any exclusive way at all. The change in the atmosphere is more widespread than that, although foreign attention has naturally been focused on the way in which aspects of foreign policy—west Germany's relations with the western allies and with Russia, her obligations to western defence, and the pursuit of national unity—have been made into bones of contention between the governing party at Bonn and its new opponents, who have managed to agree on these matters until quite lately. There is food for thought here.

But we have to look at the other parties as well, at the whole of the political scene on the Rhine. If we do that, we find traces of movement and restlessness on nearly every side: in the disgruntled parties which have left the coalition at Bonn; among the Social Democrats—sensing the possibility of power, after many frustrating years, pawing the earth in the valley like the war-horse in the Book of Job. The Christian Democrats, the ruling party, are beginning to smell the battle afar off, too, and they are going through their own ferment of ideas, questioning, and criticism. The Federal Chancellor is not immune from criticism in their ranks, either: his method of government, which some of his party find too solitary and remote; his small circle of close advisers; the manner in which power tends to be channelled through one official with a controversial history, Herr Globke, to the exclusion of more representative men—all these, and, more generally, what is called 'the Bonn climate', a phrase which implies something shut in and enervating, are the targets of discontent.

All in all, it appears that the equilibrium of west German politics under Dr. Adenauer is giving way to a period of manoeuvre and, very likely, of faction, which will expose the political fabric of the Federal Republic to its first really searching test. This will certainly have its unappetising features, and it may contain dangers, both for the Germans and for those of their allies who have based their policies on the assumption that German policy will remain constant.

German post-war democracy has not really shown its paces yet, and no one can say how it will conduct itself when the period of almost unnatural immobility ends. Still, if signs of its end had not come in

a burst of faction the alternative might have been the atrophy of democracy in Germany. To assume that only one group can be trusted with power would be to assume that the Republic had hopelessly weak roots. Perhaps the prospect of a period of movement in German politics, uncomfortable though it may be, is not unhealthy. And there has been one wholly encouraging feature of political life at Bonn in the

past year: the growth of parliament in confidence, responsibility, and corporate sense. This was reflected above all in the sensible and independent way in which the Bundestag insisted on reasonable parliamentary controls over the raising of the new armed forces, and it could not have been done if the parties in parliament had not felt that they had something in common to defend.—*Third Programme*

The German Challenge to Britain

R. V. JONES on western Germany's recovery in science, technology, and morale

FROM time to time it has been my duty to see whether foreign countries represent a technical or scientific threat to Britain in war. I was concerned, for example, with the German radio beams of 1940, and with the V1 and V2 campaigns of 1944. I now spend most of my time in a university, but I still cannot help keeping watch for threats to this country, and I feel that I must tell you of the two main dangers that I see facing us now. They do not involve a war in the military sense at all, for I am assuming that there is a stalemate in open warfare which will divert the struggle into more peaceful channels. From our point of view, there are going to be two main factors in this struggle: our technical and scientific achievement, and the spirit of our people.

Acute Need for Scientists

I shall not say much about the need for more scientists and technologists. You have only to look at the appointments columns of the newspapers to see how acutely the need is already felt. I will say only this: if I had any success as an intelligence officer in the war it was because I was seeking out the technical achievements of the Germans. Once we were able to find these in a particular field, say radar, we were immediately able to understand all the associated aspects of defence—for example, the German night-fighters and their control—because the technical basis was the key to the whole superstructure of air operations. Even more is this true of the economic and military strength of a nation today, as technology plays a larger and larger part. One nation above all others has realised this: Russia. From Lenin onwards, the masters of the Russian people have understood the value of science and technology, and they have pressed ahead with vast training schemes which are now bearing fruit. In a recent talk on the Third Programme Sir Francis Simon spoke admirably about the Soviet bid for technological leadership*, and of the way in which we ought to meet it. He pointed out that more science students are now coming out of Soviet schools of higher education than out of the whole of the schools in the non-communist countries, and that in a few years time this will give Russia a commanding advantage unless we vastly improve our own position.

With their rising scientific potential, the Russians are able to offer a generous degree of technical aid to less advanced countries. This new tactic enables them to win these countries to their side by sending in technicians who can be far more effective ambassadors than professional diplomats, for technology finds far fewer international barriers than do political creeds—or even religious beliefs.

So we have much to think about in what the Russians have achieved. Let us admit that there is nothing unfair about it; they may have been wiser than we were in encouraging science thirty years ago. At the same time, we must not overlook other countries, and in particular we must pay attention to the rise of western Germany. As with Russia, her progress is due in part to a more lively appreciation of the importance of the scientist and the engineer. A report on *German Research Today*, by Hermann von Müller, describes the part the German scientists are playing:

Behind their seemingly almost fanatical zest for work there lies not merely a real enthusiasm, but also the force of circumstance. Science and learning . . . particularly in Germany . . . have become cardinal factors in the struggle for existence of millions of people.

This is also brought out in a recent report† written by the British Scientific Attaché in Bonn, Mr. K. H. Lauder. Here is one paragraph from his report:

In western Germany there is a very close association between industry and academic science. Industry pays great respect to the academic scientist. Scientists are widely represented in the direction of industry, and larger firms often employ panels of scientists to advise them.

The report states that in western Germany the Government and industry spend between them more than £100,000,000 a year on research; when we remember that this covers neither defence nor atomic work it is, as the report says 'a considerable sum'. I commend the report for careful reading. It gives a picture of a most vigorous recovery in German science and technology. Let me quote the concluding paragraph:

Progress in technology, upon which the economic strength and consequently the political effectiveness of any country depends in the world today, rests upon the scientific research effort which the country is prepared to undertake and for which it is prepared to pay. This is clearly appreciated in western Germany on all sides, political, economic, and technological. As a result, western Germany has reached a stage where, starting from widespread destruction and chaos, it has, in a brief space of ten years, regained a position amongst the world's leaders in the scientific and technological fields. It is an impressive achievement.

The extent of German achievement is even more obvious in other fields. Starting from virtual bankruptcy in 1948, and with its industry largely in ruins, western Germany now holds dollar reserves greater not only than those of this country but of the whole sterling bloc. According to the British Economic Survey of 1956, German-manufactured exports increased by eighteen per cent. between 1954 and 1955; ours increased by only seven. Western Germany has outstripped us in steel production, and she is capturing our shipping orders. Anybody who visits Germany must immediately be struck by the enthusiastic sense of purpose that is evident at all levels, from worker to director.

Sense of Purpose

This brings me to my second point. Science and technology are not the only thing in life, indeed it might be very dangerous if they were. We must do more to develop them, and in this direction the concern of our Government over technical education is to be welcomed, and it is to be hoped that the expansion will be executed vigorously; but I believe, even speaking as a scientist, that there is something to do that is even more urgent. I have said that the Germans have an intense sense of purpose. We once had a sense of purpose—after Dunkirk: what a stimulation it was to be in Britain then. 'After 1945' seems to have had the same effect on the Germans as 1940 had on us. When I was in Germany recently, at the invitation of some of my war-time opponents among the German generals, I asked them whether there had been any inspired leadership to bring their country so far in its recovery. They told me that it was no single leadership that had done it. Every individual German had of his own accord set to work after 1945 to put his country back among the leaders. The Germans are now reaping their reward.

But what about us? I can think, and probably you can think too, of a gloomy list of signs ever since the war that all is not well with us. Not many pieces of new equipment come into my laboratory which work properly without our having to overhaul them first. Railway engines grew so dirty that the Chief Inspector of Accidents recorded that the dirt was no longer a negligible factor in rail safety, since it was no longer possible to see whether an engine was mechanically sound or

not. Two years ago, the shooting at Bisley went wrong because the marksmen were supplied with inferior ammunition. A signalman leaves his box forty minutes early. A trawler drifts to destruction because she is wasting time outside harbour to qualify for a subsidy, while her master and crew are below playing cards. Cracks in aircraft panels are botched by drilling holes—a strange practice for a product which was nearly Britain's best advertisement. Last year I watched several of the May parades on the Horseguards in London. The dressing was so bad that I found myself, as the son of an old King's Company man, unconsciously swearing out loud as the companies passed. I was brought to my senses by an old guardsman beside me growling 'You're quite right'. This, a demonstration of the precision on which we pride ourselves!

I do not want to make too much of these examples. They just happen to be ones of which I know personally, and they may be no worse than the average of the country as a whole. You probably know of plenty of others. There is one explanation common to them all: someone had not enough pride in his job. I want, therefore, to say something about 'pride in the job', because this is where we face a particular threat from Germany, and, unless we recover our pride, all our achievements in science and technology will be wasted. It is obvious that in a whole variety of products the German version is better engineered and more carefully made than its British counterpart. The world is realising this and is therefore turning to Germany; even we ourselves are buying German products in preference to our own, because the Germans are putting in that extra care and effort which we used proudly to claim were the characteristics of British workmanship.

True Pride and False Pride

In talking of pride in the job, let me say that there is true pride and false pride, and that I am not proposing that we should become fastidious. The first consideration about any job is that it should be matched to its purpose. It is, in fact, quite possible to do a job too well. Hitler, for example, criticised Russian tanks when they were shown to him because the outside surfaces were left rough. On the other hand, one of his more discerning experts pointed out that where they had to be well machined they were well machined; external finish was comparatively unimportant. It is also possible to have undue pride in, say, individual craftsmanship, and to extol it in comparison with machine-made articles. However much we admire such craftsmanship—and I appreciate it intensely—we must realise what effort it takes, and ask whether it is worth while. I think that we used to have a misplaced pride in the job on this account, so that, for example, our English clock-makers, who were the best in the world, clung too long to their hand-made products and lost the world market to the automatically produced watches of Switzerland.

Having admitted the danger of misplaced pride, I think that most of us would rather be associated with men who do their jobs too well rather than not well enough. Over and above the immediate purpose of the job itself there is the additional consideration of beauty in the product, and the satisfaction of turning out a job that we are certain will be up to its purpose.

Certainly in Britain today, feeling has swung too far the other way, if indeed there is any conscious feeling at all. What has gone wrong? We were tired after the war. Markets, with Germany and Japan knocked out, were easy, and any product, almost however shoddy, would sell. Threats of strike brought, and continue to bring, more pay without any rise in standard of work. Since 1946 we have paid ourselves eighty per cent. more money for producing only twenty per cent. more articles, while the quality of the articles has in general remained indifferent. The average British worker now produces less than three-quarters of what he did even in 1948 for every £1 of wages that he is paid. By way of contrast, official German figures obtained for me by Mr. Lauder in Bonn show that the German worker has in the same period nearly doubled his output for every Reichsmark of wages that he receives.

At last, the Government is taking a lead in making these facts more generally realised, and there is a good deal of discussion about what ought to be done. I believe, though, that it has been insufficiently emphasised that no political measures can be effective unless each one of us is working at full efficiency, and that this will only happen when each one of us has a due pride in his job. I would put this as one of the foremost factors in our survival among the leaders of the world; it may not be a popular doctrine because it involves both working harder and taking more trouble.

I do not suggest that we should get so obsessed about how we do our immediate jobs that we should forget why we are doing them. That was an aspect of pre-war Germany that lent itself to the possibilities of abuse, such as the nazis inflicted upon western Europe with their concentration camps, while the diligent German worker was paying so much attention to his own job that he had no time to think what his leaders were getting him to work for. In Britain we are, I hope, a long way from that danger, but the simple fact remains that if the individual German or Russian or American or Japanese does a better job than the individual Briton, then we are not going to sell enough abroad to earn our food. Our efforts at foreign policy will come to nothing if our home effort is not soundly based. The two main props in that base are our ability to invent and our capacity to work. The former we can stimulate by more technical education; the latter must be aroused by leadership.

Satisfaction in Doing a Good Job

So far, I have spoken of mere survival. Beyond that, however, there is the satisfaction, open to all of us, that can alone be obtained from doing a good job. Is not at least part of our industrial discontent due to the fact that so many men have lost that satisfaction? We must call for better work, and support this call by a drive to reduce the drudgery that many still experience. This is where automatic machinery can really help: by reducing drudgery it will give more chance to more men to do jobs they can take pride in.

Despite everything that has happened since the war, I have sufficient faith in our countrymen to believe that they would respond to a call for a better job if it were properly put. After all, we did it after Dunkirk, and we did it a good many times before that. Are we to prove unworthy of our rude forefathers who with few tools, and from their poor homes, went to work every day for centuries to build our great cathedrals? I had the privilege of knowing the chief tester of Rolls-Royce cars. If he found a fault he used to go into the workshop and say to the workman responsible: 'You can't do that sort of thing—this car is England'. Recalling that remark, I do not want to represent that the picture is blacker than it really is. There are fortunately many people who have not let their standards go: you need only have seen some of the recent drill displays by the Sandhurst cadets to appreciate that. At this moment, too, we hold the land, water, and air speed records. In fact, there are plenty of signs that our old powers are still latent, maintained by the devotion of an enthusiastic minority who have refused to submit to the general lethargy, and who may ultimately rank in our history alongside the 'gallant few' of 1940. The present emergency is more insidious, but it is no less acute on that account.

I am sure that we can pull up, if everyone is made to see that the danger that faces us is just as real as any other form of national disaster. In this matter, those of us who are concerned with young people in schools and universities, or who head firms, are in a most responsible position. By our example, we must show those who look to us for leadership that 'the job' ought not to be a thing of which you do a minimum for a maximum of pay, but one of your main ways of finding personal fulfilment. It is also the way to give our country the chance of once again setting an example to the world.

—Third Programme

With the publication of *Essays on the Sociology of Culture* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 28s.) all the sociological work of the late Karl Mannheim is now available to English readers. The present volume consists of three long and interconnected essays on which Professor Mannheim was working when he was expelled by the nazis in 1933. Although he made some revisions of the first drafts during his earlier years in England, the essays were never prepared for publication during his lifetime; the drafts and notes have been edited and translated by Professors Ernest Mannheim and Paul Kecskemeti with considerable skill and ingenuity. The titles of the three sections are: 'Towards the Sociology of the Mind', 'The Problem of the Intelligentsia', and 'The Democratization of Culture'. The essays form a most useful supplement to the sociology of knowledge, as developed by Mannheim in his *Ideology and Utopia* and subsequent works.

* * *

A series of Third Programme lectures on 'The Revolution in Philosophy', given by A. J. Ayer, W. C. Kneale, G. A. Paul, D. F. Pears, P. F. Strawson, G. J. Warnock, and R. A. Wollheim, has been published by Macmillan, price 10s. 6d., with an introduction by Gilbert Ryle.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade-distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

The Jews in Britain

IN a talk which we publish on another page Lord Samuel commemorates the tercentenary of the resettlement of the Jewish community in England. It has been said that in his foreign policy Oliver Cromwell combined the instincts of a Puritan Don Quixote and of a commercial traveller. That is possibly less than fair to the great Lord Protector. The instinct for liberty of conscience burned fiercely within him. Admittedly the Jews could make out a case for themselves not only on economic grounds but also as seventeenth-century intelligencers. But had it not been for Cromwell's freedom from purely religious prejudices, it is doubtful whether any government of that time would have allowed a Jewish community to settle here. Where Cromwell was antagonistic to religious liberty, it was almost always on political and not religious grounds. The Anglican Church was associated in his mind with the Royalist Party; the Roman Catholic Church with the Irish guerrilla wars; the Society of Friends with disturbances in local churches. But the Jews were peaceable settlers. And so it was that in an age still darkened by religious persecutions (the reign of King Charles II saw the 'Clarendon Code', that of King Louis XIV the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) the Anglo-Jewish community was established.

But of course it was not until the Victorian age that the Jews were relieved of their political disabilities. Like the nonconformists, they were long excluded from the universities and from sharing in the government. They were similarly penalised in most other European countries. And, as Werner Sombart pointed out, this very exclusion stimulated their genius for trade (as it did also with the Quakers). Shut out from many sides of the national life, they concentrated on business and financial activities in which they have always excelled. Also they were highly conscious of the values of family life and of their responsibilities to their own community. Few are unaware of the strength and weaknesses of this remarkable people or of the contributions that they have made to our civilisation. Though often condemned by the prejudiced as mere men of business, they have in fact produced famous lawyers, philosophers, musicians, and scientists. Lord Samuel himself is one of the most distinguished of our elder statesmen.

But theirs is a tragic history. The curse of the Wandering Jew became a reality and they have suffered the extremes of persecution in many lands. Those who think themselves somehow superior to their ancestors of the Cromwellian age would do well to remind themselves that the most ghastly assault on the Jews has been witnessed in our lifetime. The Hitlerian infamy in the deliberate murder of the Jews in Germany, of which Lord Samuel speaks, was worse, if possible, than the pogroms carried out earlier in eastern Europe. But both Britain and the United States (which now contain two large Jewish communities) benefited from their intelligence and industry consequent upon the enforced emigration of the nineteen-thirties. Even today the foundation of Israel is a subject of political controversy and the exact interpretation of the so-called 'Balfour pledge' is a topic for historical arguments. But whatever the errors of statesmanship may have been, it can scarcely be questioned that the creation of Israel was a remarkable achievement by the world Jewish community or that Christian sympathisers in different British political parties helped forward the Zionist movement to its long-desired end. Men of liberal views who hate cruelty and persecution need not be ashamed of Britain's conduct towards the Jews in modern history, stretching from the days of Oliver Cromwell to those of Winston Churchill.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Soviet leaders' visit to Britain

THE MAIN EMPHASIS in Moscow broadcasts last week was on the forthcoming visit of the Soviet leaders to Britain and the meeting of the 'World Peace Council' in Stockholm, described as 'an important stage in the people's movement in favour of disarmament and a ban on nuclear weapons'. A number of Moscow broadcasts pointed out that the W.P.C. meeting coincided with the United Nations disarmament talks in London. Among the many broadcasts on the Soviet leaders' visit to Britain, was one by Academician Kosminsky, who declared:

The time is ripe for casting away the mad armaments race and the cold war policy.

On April 15, the day of Mr. Bulganin's and Mr. Khrushchev's departure from the Soviet Union, Moscow radio quoted from long leading articles in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, expressing the hope that the visit would strengthen Anglo-Soviet friendship, and pointing out that both countries could make a valuable contribution towards solving the disarmament question. Both newspapers claimed that the visit was not aimed at splitting Britain from its western allies: one of the main objectives would be to develop Anglo-Soviet trade. On April 9 Moscow home service broadcast the Tass transmission of the previous day reporting the Soviet leaders' regret that they would not be able to avail themselves of the kind invitations of 'hospitable British citizens' because 'such visits are not included in the programme drawn up by the British side':

Apparently, there still exist certain forces in Britain which do not permit a freer mingling between the Soviet leaders and the population of Great Britain.

From Switzerland, the *National Zeitung* was quoted as commenting:

Through their protest, the Soviet leaders have shown their hand. As far as they are concerned they are not coming for a courtesy visit and serious talks with the British Government, but for a propaganda tour. They seek to win the heart of the British worker.

A number of other western newspapers expressed similar views. An east German broadcast, in a light-hearted vein, suggested that the alleged restrictions on the Soviet leaders making contact with the general public was due to the fact that—

For years now the women of Britain have been saying: 'Eden! that's our idea of a man!' And then along comes Malenkov and bang goes his glamour!

A Moscow broadcast quoted a *Pravda* leading article on the W.P.C.'s 'noble initiatives', and reminded readers that the peace partisans would now find their chief task in the disarmament struggle. Soviet home and foreign listeners were given the texts of the W.P.C.'s 'appeal to the world public', its telegram to the United Nations Disarmament sub-Committee, and its declaration on 'co-operation with all peace forces'. A Vatican broadcast in Hungarian asked:

Will the peace-partisans drummed together from East and West (at Stockholm) remember that the peace movement is forever linked with the name of Stalin? It is on Stalin's orders that the movement was launched, it is Stalin whom it praised, it is Stalin whose aims it served. Will the delegates to this session ponder that there must be something wrong with Communist peace? For which is the true peace: Stalin's or Khrushchev's?

A Czechoslovak broadcast, quoting the Communist Party organ *Rude Pravo*, admitted:

There are in our ranks immature or disoriented people who are asking themselves whom and what to believe. . . . They have so far been unable to find their way through the new situation. Our advice to them is: Have faith in the party!

A few days later *Rude Pravo* was quoted as saying that it had been established that a number of people in Czechoslovakia had been unjustly sentenced as a result of pleading guilty under the influence of 'unlawful methods'. No real evidence against them existed. Two days later it was announced that the former Deputy Foreign Minister, London, sentenced to life imprisonment for treason in 1952, had been released. On the same day it was announced from Bulgaria that the former Deputy Prime Minister, Kostov, who was executed in 1949, had been executed on 'fabricated and untrue' charges. The party leader Zhivkov, announcing this regrettable error, said that the 'cult of personality' built up round the present Prime Minister, Chervenkov, had resulted in the unjust condemnation of a number of party members.

Did You Hear That?

THE 'DEW' LINE

IN THE FAR NORTH of Canada, inside the Arctic Circle, a chain of radar stations stretches across miles of barren ice and frozen seas. This is called the 'Dew' line. The letters of the name stand for 'distant early warning', because this is a line of defence against possible aerial attack across the Pole. For the first time since the building of these stations began, a group of reporters has been allowed to see them. One of them was STANLEY BURKE, who sent this report through the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to 'Radio Newsreel'.

'This is one of the great engineering feats of modern times', he said. 'It is man's first great assault on the Canadian Arctic. From a purely civilian point of view, this radar line will have an enormous bearing on the development of the northern half of Canada—one of the richest and cruellest lands in the world. And from a military point of view this land is important for the whole Nato community.'

'Today, only sixteen months after the decision was taken to build the line, there are dozens of radar sites scattered across 3,000 miles of the bleakest, toughest country in the world. The effort to put it there has required the services of more than 100,000 men; 2,700 companies. It has taken the biggest peace-time airlift in history—220 civilian and military aircraft. The airlift alone will go down in aviation history. This was a real "fly by the seat of your pants" operation. The pilots and planes were recruited from all over the world. Some of the aircraft were British Yorks, veterans of the Berlin airlift.

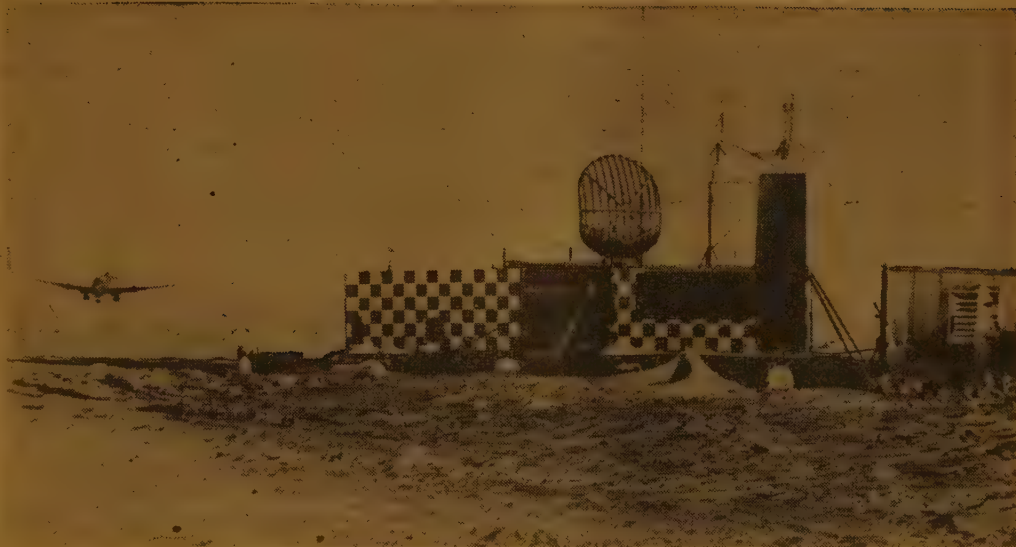
'Within three months of the go-ahead signal, the first single-engine, ski aircraft were heading north across the barren lands. They landed on the tundra, and the construction of landing strips on frozen lakes began. Larger aircraft landed carrying equipment; then giant freight aircraft parachuted twenty-ton bulldozers. Some of the parachutes failed and some "dozers" kept right on going through the ice, making, as the Americans said, some of the "biggest danged fishing holes in the Arctic".

'Nineteen aircraft crashed and twenty men were killed. Many of the aircraft went down on the desolate, barren lands where winds get up to a screaming 100 miles an hour and temperatures drop to fifty and sixty below zero. Then, last summer, there were war-time-size convoys, totalling more than 100 ships. They moved into the still only partially charted waters of the fabled North-West Passage where, since the days of the Elizabethans, British navigators fought incredible hardships. The convoys penetrated almost to the ice-locked waters where, only a little more than 100 years ago, Sir John Franklin perished with his entire expedition. Today, 4,000 men are at work on construction camps, and they are welcoming the return to spring, after working through the gloom and cold of the three-month arctic night'.

CUCKOO TIME

'The official date of the appearance of the cuckoo', said NORMAN TURNER in 'The Northcountryman', is April 21—that is, according to folklore. However, whenever it is heard for the first time in the year there is some custom to perform.

'One thing you might do is to turn



An aircraft coming in to land at a 'Dew'-line station with supplies

over your money for luck—it is the worst thing in the world to have none in your pocket at the time. But we northerners go one better. We take out ours and spit on it! And another thing to remember, whatever you happen to be doing at that moment is going to be your chief occupation for the rest of the year. For the unmarried maids, there is something special. If you take off your left shoe as soon as you hear the cuckoo, you will find a hair inside it of the same colour as your future husband's. Northumberland girls have a slight variation of this. They take off an article of clothing, and they have to examine it for clues. Their husbands-to-be will quickly appear before them.

'But the cuckoo does not only forecast events for the lovesick. Young and old can ask it how many years they have to live, as Yorkshire children have done for centuries. As soon as they have heard it, they rush up to a cherry tree and shake its branches, singing as they do:

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! cherry tree,
Pretty bird, come tell to me,
How many years? Before you fly,
How many years before I die?

Every petal that falls counts as one year that the child will live. Another method, not really to be recommended, I think, was to count the number of times the cuckoo answered the jingle.

'I suppose there were two main reasons for the cuckoo being regarded as a bird of wonder. First, its distinctive song was easily recognised and one of the first in the year to be heard. In fact, it was looked upon as a messenger of spring, and after its appearance the weather was supposed to improve. There is the well-known Borrowdale legend to support this, the one about the local people building a wall to enclose the cuckoo so that the dale would have eternal spring.

'The other reason was probably its habit of never building its own nest. That was enough to single out the cuckoo as a bird quite extraordinary—although there are at least two explanations for it. An ancient theory was that the festivals of the Virgin were holy days for all living creatures and that all work ceased. Animals stopped making their homes, birds paused in their task of nest-building—all except the



The crew of one of the aircraft flying supplies and equipment to the 'Dew'-line outposts, welcomed by huskies attached to the camp

cuckoo. And for its sin, this bird was condemned for ever to live without building a nest of its own. But a more pleasant explanation is that the poor creature was so busy answering peoples' questions about how long they had to live, and how long before they marry, that it just had not time to build its own nest'.

CROSSING THE SAHARA ON FOOT

'I wanted to trek the desert for the thrill of it, for the record, and to find a nomad tribe in its ageless setting', said FIROOZE COLAABAVALA in a talk in the Home Service. 'At first, the going was smooth and the novelty of "crossing the Sahara" alone was stimulating. But after some miles with the sun beating down with increasing heat as it rose, and the pack on my back growing heavier with each mile, I began to wish myself anywhere but in the Sahara. I had gone too far to turn back, and plodded on and on.

'Hotter and hotter the hours passed; tiredness turned to ache, the water bottle bumped heavily against me with every step. I took deep draughts easing its weight and my thirst, until promptings that I might yet value its contents beyond gold stayed my drinking. The heat was blistering now—no shade, no tree or shrub was in sight. Only the harsh brittle sand, and everywhere the view stretching away devoid of landmarks to the inexperienced traveller.

'I walked for miles and miles through the waste, miles of blazing white nothingness. I kept following footsteps ahead of me, until I discovered that they were my own. I was walking in circles. The only sign of life I saw was an occasional lizard, and whenever I turned over a boulder I found a scorpion or two.

'I tore off my sleeves. I groaned and turned my aching eyes skyward: from a cloudless blue the sun blinded down on me, huge circles of light round it like the inside of an oyster shell. So bizarre was the scene now to my aching brain that I felt I could stretch out my hand and stroke the sky; I tried, and the ground rose up to meet me. I lay exhausted, thankful for even the hot desert floor to rest upon. I knew I could go no farther with my load. I cast off my luggage, and retaining only the water bottle, I set off, refreshed a little from the rest.

'At one part in the desert the heat was intensified to produce an ocean of silver shot with prismatic colours; all about me the sand had a faint sheen of colour, and towards the west and the south a column of light-grey smoke rose—my imagination, or a mirage caused by the warm air from the desert sand rising into the furnace atmosphere. It was breathtakingly beautiful, and for a moment I just stood there, seeing the scene as a panorama without absorbing the details. To the left, or the right, or behind, or wherever my eager gaze was turned, I thought I saw oases, a moving flock of sheep or camels on the horizon glare; insubstantial mirages that came and went, now expanding, now contracting.

'Late into the afternoon, with the sun dipping down in the sky, the air became cooler. I felt thankful for the closing of the furnace door and plodded on, until suddenly the *ghibi*, the sand-and dust-laden wind of the desert, blew from the south. From the clear sunlight the world shifted, swiftly changed into howling chaos; the winds screamed and drove sand like a blinding shroud across the face of the desert. I fell behind a hump of sand, screened my face and mouth as best I could, and huddled close to the ground. I reached for my water bottle—the sand had swallowed it up.

'At last a fate kinder than I could expect guided my path across a group of Bedouin tribesmen. Never was a man more thankful to see his fellow creatures! They gave me water from a water hole, which was incidentally only ten feet away—it was covered with a

stone. I quenched my thirst, was very sick, and passed out once again. When I regained consciousness I was in agony—the skin of my arms was peeling off.

'I travelled with the Bedouin for some days. By various ways I progressed into Tunisia, and to the oasis of Ben Ghardia, which is about twenty miles from the Libyan border, and finally entered Libya on a donkey. As good an introduction, I guess, as any to the land where the calendar goes back for generations and people dress as in biblical times'.

ROMAN REMAINS IN THE FOREST OF ALICE

For some years now archaeologists have been finding in this country and in Europe very large Roman storage jars, the origin of which has been a mystery. Now, the problem may well have been solved as a result of excavations in a Hampshire forest. This is the Alice Holt Forest at Binsted on the banks of the River Wey. The Alice Holt area is itself the remains of a primeval oak forest. The man who made the latest discovery is Major A. G. WADE, who spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Ten years ago', he said, 'I was in the forest with a member of my Home Guard Company, and he showed me a place beneath the trees where there was much broken pottery. He had heard his grandfather speak of ancient potteries in the forest.

'I realised that the pottery was Roman and the site—nine square miles of it—could be that of the actual pottery kilns where Romans had made and fired their wares. Some leading archaeologists and senior members of the Forestry Commission were of the opinion that we had found only rubbish dumps. I could not agree on this because from long experience of Roman kilns and from the evidence at hand, provided by the wasters—that is, the spoilt pieces—I knew that this must be a kiln site. But where were the kilns? Ten years of trial and error did not solve the problem. No one, to date, had recorded an actual Roman kiln in the forest.

'Then Colonel Meates, the archaeologist who is excavating the now famous Roman-British Christian villa at Lullingstone, Kent, found, let into the floor of one of the rooms of the villa, a large stone jar which he described as "quite magnificent". "Was it made in the Alice Holt kilns?" he asked.

"Yes", I answered. I had recognised the ware as being identical with some of the sherds I had recovered from the forest site. Could I prove it, and date the forest ware?, he asked. Back in the forest I decided on further excavation. With the generous help of diggers, transport, etc., provided by interested friends we dug into what I call a kiln mound. On the third day, we found a kiln full of great sections of immense Roman jars, exactly similar in form, technique, and decoration to the Lullingstone jar. When the modern potter fires the clay, it comes out of his kiln brick-red in colour. But the Romans had a secret: their clay came out slate-blue, and no one can discover how they did it.

'You may ask why this area should have been chosen as the site of what may well have been the first mass-production pottery industry in Britain. The answer to that is that all the materials were to hand—oak to provide the charcoal; an immense deposit of clay and all the sand necessary to mix with it. The great jars they produced were in shape like a giant Chinese ginger jar, three to four feet tall and three feet in diameter, and delicately decorated with combed chevrons, running spirals, and a pattern looking like braided ribbons. What is their date? Some say the third century, some the fourth. I say fifth, for this was the last of the Roman forest kilns of Alice Holt before the Roman Empire fell and the legions left'.



Libyan tribesmen, 'dressed as in biblical times', photographed by Firooze Colaabavala



View along O'Connell Street, Dublin, with Nelson's Pillar in the distance

J. Allan Cash

Dublin: Decline and Fall

By ULICK O'CONNOR

ONE day last summer I was walking through Dublin with Oliver St. John Gogarty, who was just back from New York, when we happened to meet Kenneth Reddin, the District Justice, who also writes in his spare time some poetry; and who wears an attractive string affair in the place where most people sport a tie. 'Ah', cried Gogarty, 'an apparition, Reddin, the last of the Dublin characters'.

I felt that Gogarty was like Ossian returning from the Land of Eternal Youth to find Ireland bereft of her heroes and none come to replace them. Often, last summer, I would come across Gogarty walking through the proud streets of the Athens of his youth; silvered he was now, but tall and slim and hawk-like handsome; almost like one of the princes that Yeats dreamed into the pages of his Irish sagas. A great lyric poet is what Yeats called Gogarty: in him are married the fires of the Gael and the generous spirit of the Greeks—the first Greco-Celt. But the Dublin he knew was now no more. No peers left to drink delight of battle with. Only a few now who had seen the great men plain. Things have changed in Dublin. How could any poet nourish his imagination in an atmosphere where a symbol of splendour like the top-hat was officially banned in favour of drab 'Anthony Edens'? The top-hat was thrown out by De Valera in the nineteen-thirties. Not even the Eucharistic Congress brought back these fine articles of reaction on the heads of his Ministers. Six months before this they had worn topers at a conference in Canada, so a contemporary ballad had it:

Proclaim it to the heavens,
And sing, ye angels, sing,
It was silk hats for Ottawa
But caps for Christ the King.

In the early years of the Free State, they even tried to take the wigs and gowns off the judges and put them into kilts. But the lawyers were cute enough and sabotaged this move with sophistry. Lately, even Admiral Nelson on his lovely Doric pillar in O'Connell Street has not been safe. The iconoclasts wanted to pull him down. Their cry was: 'The one-eyed adulterer'. But then someone cutely enough brought up the subject of the two-eyed adulterers on each end of the street, Daniel

O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell. So Nelson, I am glad to say, is still aloft on his lovely perch.

Indeed, I think that the whole fibre of what once was the second city of the Empire is now changing. Under the Georgian canopy now lurk today teddy boys with their slim stilettos. Dublin today has the biggest cinema-going population in Europe; a huge civil service, new industries, and commercial expansion have been responsible for greatly increasing the population in the last forty years. And the result of all this is deserts of horrible red brick on the green outskirts of lovely Dublin: Dublin that never had any suburbia in the accepted sense of the word; where even the poorer streets were always built in quaint replica of the gracious buildings further in. And, I wonder, is it suburbia that has quenched the characters of Dublin? For there are very few of them left: characters like Endymion with his shining sword and cricket pants, parading down Grafton Street, or 'Bird' Flanagan, who once rode his horse through the swing doors of the Shelbourne Hotel and asked for a drink—not for himself but for his horse.

Once it was said that you could hear the talk of the London salons in the pubs of Dublin: with wits like Gogarty and Montgomery in command, words flew like cat-fur and no man's character was safe. But the average conversation there today would capsize a gunboat. The pubs are full of chromium plate and stove-pipe trousers. And I am afraid there are many impostors hanging about, too—fake writers, fake poets, fake formers of taste. The pose which many of this new brigade adopt is that they are men of the earth; and to prove it they seem to carry round large quantities of it on their persons. Perhaps we are having a reaction from the Golden Age of Dublin, forty years ago. After the exaltation of this great era, perhaps, has come a post-orgiastic depression. One way or the other, it is just a tiny little bit grim.

But there are still streets of Dublin, in the heart of the city, where life has remained very much the same as it was fifty years ago or even a hundred years ago. At evening it is best to visit these streets when the tall, Georgian tenements are beginning to merge into the twilight. Then the grime on the fine doorways is invisible. You cannot see it, and the

eye can soar in the wide, spacious sweep of the streets. Inside these houses are still beautifully worked ceilings and carved staircases, though sometimes a stair or two is missing from the staircase, sacrificed to the warmth of the inhabitants. And I think that it would be foolish to believe that these people are not affected in some way by the decayed splendour around them. Their speech is torrent flowing and full of imaginative phrasing. The other day, for instance, I passed an old man in the street. Later, in the afternoon, I passed him again, and then in the evening by an extraordinary coincidence we just happened to bump into each other once more. And he said to me: 'We must be going to meet in heaven, sir', and, as an after-thought, he added: 'When all this torment here is over'. And the point about this is we were strangers to each other, but that did not prevent him spinning a nice phrase, out of the gladness of his heart, specially for me.

Descendants of the Danes

These Dubliners are of very old stock. In the churches round Dominick Street you can still see the descendants of the Danes, snub-nosed little choir boys with hawser hair, bawling out the Latin psalms in sweet Dublin accents: Dominick Street, Thomas Street, Moore Street, the Liberties, all round here they live, the stout breed of Dublin.

The oldest street of all the streets in Dublin is Thomas Street. Here in the pubs they still sing the patriotic ballads of the past and recall the jolly choruses of Good King Edward's golden days. Christopher Hollis maintains that the only place where he can still hear the songs of his boyhood are in these old pubs down in the heart of Dublin. It was in Thomas Street that Robert Emmett was hanged, and his speech from the dock is framed there and indeed often recited, too: the proud rhetoric of impassioned youth—the last lines are fine enough:

Let no man write my epitaph: for as none who now knows my motives dares to vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Until my country takes her place among the nations of the world, only then let my epitaph be written.

Down in this part of the city, religion is really part of the lives of the common people. They pack the churches for Mass and Benediction, and the long liturgical ceremonies of the season of Lent. It is almost like watching a crowd going to a football match to see them pouring through the street on Good Friday to be in time for a place in the pro-cathedral. A religious people, I think they are, without any of the sanctimoniousness which makes a mockery out of piety. The great local hero in these parts of Dublin these days is Blessed Martin de Porres, the Negro martyr. There is a fierce rush on, at present, to get Blessed Martin made into a saint, to get him canonised.

Since he was a member of the Dominican Order, naturally enough this Order is placing no obstacles in the way of devotions to Blessed Martin. Many of the houses have statues of him on the mantelpieces, white-robed and black-faced and with his Dominican gown hanging down to his ankles. Personally, I think the Dubliners' crush on Blessed Martin is due to the citizens' dislike of seeing any local fellow doing well in the big world outside. We have a local candidate for beatification—Matt Talbot—a Dublin worker who was found dead in the street with chains around his body. And Dublin's favourite habit is pulling the other lad down off his pedestal. And they are jolly well going to see that the Negro gets canonised before Matt Talbot gets in. A friend of mine who sells religious statues was terribly worried recently when his sale of Blessed Martins began to fall astronomically.

There is one tradition that still survives in Dublin, an old tradition—the theatrical tradition of the city. At the Gate Theatre, Michael MacLiammoir and Hilton Edwards continue to ignore the problem of the box-office receipts. Money obtained by them from a long run is used to finance a production that will not be a money spinner. And Lord Longford's company, too, which alternates at the Gate, with Edwards and MacLiammoir, also takes the same attitude toward the theatre. Often, Longford subsidises a play merely because he thinks that Dubliners ought to see it, although he is going to lose a good deal of money on it. But the real prodigy of the Dublin theatre world today is what I have named the basement-theatre movement. I call it this, the basement-theatre movement, because a great deal of it takes place in the basements of old Georgian houses. This movement is partly professional, but there are just enough amateurs in it to keep the spirit of dedication alive in it. Clerks by day become mimes by night and both professional and non-professionals ask only just enough money to keep the grippers off the doorstep.

'Waiting for Godot', for instance, was produced in Dublin by one of these theatres, the Pike Group. Samuel Beckett is said to have

translated it specially with an eye to Dublin, and much of the dialogue of the play is typical Dublinese; and I think that, in a way, the Dublin speaking of it brought out the quality of the play and the quality of the dialogue a great deal better than the London production did. But, somehow or other, when I saw the London production I felt that it was much closer to the spirit of the play—to the spirit which Beckett had in his mind when he wrote it. In Dublin, Pozzo was played as a country squire, whereas in London Peter Bull made him into a selfish materialist, a pompous egocentric creature: this I think is a very vital part of the characterisation because I believe Beckett means Pozzo to represent materialism incarnate, and Lucky, his slave, to represent science; the hydra-headed creature of our time, materialism and science, hand in hand.

In the end, this combination fails. Beckett makes it fail because Lucky is dumb and Pozzo is blind. So, obviously, the correct solution for living, according to Samuel Beckett, is Vladimir's one, to believe in something, anything, even in Godot, which exists outside ourselves, outside this vale of tears. And because Vladimir and his pal wait faithfully for Godot—sadly, desperately, but they wait—at the end of the play they are intact, while the other two boys, the materialists who deny Godot's existence, are up the spout. But here's the rub. Is Godot a real entity for Beckett? Is he the God who is at the centre of all religious belief, or is he merely some trick of our mind, a lifebelt manufactured by our subconscious to keep us afloat awhile on the unruly tide? I do not know; it is hard to say; but one way or the other, I feel that this play is a denial of materialism, an urging to live within the spirit's fire, an instinct that has lain in the heart of man since the fallen Adam saw the first crimson in the morning sky.

Strangely enough, in Dublin there were no cuts in the play. We have no censor here as in London, where the Lord Chamberlain made a few slices here and there. In London the forbidden bits had to be whispered on the stage. Having seen it before in Dublin, I sat smugly in the London audience, rather like an adult surrounded by children at a *risqué* play, knowing exactly what all the goings on and whisperings on the stage were about. In London it was in the Criterion, a big theatre with boxes and plush seats, and quite a number of people; but in Dublin there were only sixty people at 'Godot' every night, for the simple reason that the Pike theatre holds only sixty people and is built out of a converted coach house down a labyrinth of lanes: it is really quite difficult to get there even if it is a little romantic. When Liam O'Flaherty cried 'Tripe!' at 'Godot', the effect was like a hand-grenade going off in a teashop. But thus the theatre has always been in Dublin, a small, select audience which share with the actors a love of the art of the theatre as opposed to a mere desire for a night's diversion. Only in the Abbey, where the fires once burnt so brightly, has there been any fall from grace.

Some of the Abbey productions lately would disgrace a convent school. The velvet quality and the wide range of voice tones, which distinguished the speaking voices of the early actors, are now, alas, heard no more. Then, too, the calibre of the audience is declining sadly, and the Abbey auditorium is rapidly becoming a place for courting couples, and those irrepressible Irishmen who will go anywhere in order to get a good laugh. Yet the directors still put on new plays, and good ones, too, and the fault lies not with them or with the material on the whole, but with the actors and producers who make use of it.

The Most Famous Dubliner of All

And so this is the city I believe Dublin has become today. We are not like the Viennese, always thinking nostalgically of the past. Because here, no one thinks very much of the great past at all: Gogarty once said that a lot of Dubliners thought that W. B. Yeats was an optician at the bottom of Grafton Street. But we are ceasing to produce a type that was once known to the world as the Dubliner, in the same way as the Viennese or Parisian was known. The most famous of all Dubliners was outrageously proud of the species he represented, and James Joyce's description of his native city is a good one on which to end. Characteristically enough, in this passage Joyce expects his reader to know that the thingmote was the Danish Parliament on Christchurch Hill.

Along the course of the slow flowing Liffey slender masts flecked the sky, and more distant still the image of the seventh city of Christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, no older, no more weary, nor less patient of subjection than in the years of the thingmote.

—Third Programme

Aspects of Africa

The Abilities of Africans

The second of two talks by SIMON BIESHEUVEL

THE opinion is widely held among people of European origin who were born or who have lived for a long time in African territories that there are differences in intellectual ability between Africans and themselves. They generally agree that there are some Africans who surpass many whites in respect of learning ability, competence in skilled or intellectual tasks, and ability to grasp the principles underlying particular practices; but they hold that there is a much smaller proportion of persons with this degree of adaptability and insight in African groups, even when full allowance has been made for the limited opportunities that have so far been made available to Africans to develop a civilisation of their own during the period of recorded history, and their slowness to respond to the contacts with other civilisations that did from time to time occur.

To these arguments the reply has been made that mental abilities are as much a product of culture as of genetic constitution, and that, on the whole, environmental circumstances in Africa have been adverse for the development of qualities considered valuable by western civilisation. It is claimed that there are sufficient grounds for believing that if environmental influences, in particular cultural influences, could be held constant, no intellectual differences between ethnic groups would remain.

I would like to consider the scientific evidence in support of this view, both as a general proposition and as it applies to African peoples. For the purpose of the argument, I shall define intelligence as the capacity to gain insight into the nature of things and events, to grasp causal relations, to profit by experience and so to acquire a number of skills whereby the adjustment between individual and environment is mediated. Although this capacity, which can be looked upon as the power of the mind, is innate and genetically determined, the extent to which it is realised, the degree to which it can be effectively applied, depends on how well its growth is stimulated during the years from birth to maturity. This applies also to the type of skill that is developed, which depends largely on the needs of the culture in which the child grows up. In the origin of these skills some genetic influences must also be recognised, for it is a fact that, within the same culture, people differ in their capacity to use their hands and eyes, words and numbers. These differences persist despite training.

It is never an easy matter to disentangle the innate and acquired components in any observed differences between people, even within the same ethnic group. Contrary to popular belief, intelligence tests do not measure innate capacity; they merely measure the effectiveness of certain skills through which the power of the mind is most readily expressed. Differences in the aggregate measures obtained from person to person are only then an indication of differences in innate ability if all environmental influences that have shaped the growth of the skills involved in the test were strictly comparable. This is not a condition that can readily be achieved outside a laboratory, and we do not know as much as we should like to know or pretend to know about the share

of nature and nurture in the differences that can be observed between the minds of men. It has, however, been possible to find out which factors are relevant, and how large or how permanent an influence they do exercise. This has been done by manipulating one factor at a time, and in particular by making studies of identical twins reared under different environmental conditions.

There is now general agreement that the most powerful factors operate in the domestic environment. Parental interest and solicitude, affectionate care by members of the household, diversity of material objects to handle and with which to experiment; at a later stage, the intelligence, education, and vocabulary of the parents and the cultural quality of the home; all these combine to provide the necessary stimulation to growth, and the soil and atmosphere in which the growing mind can thrive.

Recently, an indication has also been provided that the nutritional condition of the mother during pregnancy and the nursing period can have a measurable effect on the intelligence of her offspring. In this investigation, reported by Professor Arthur Gates at Columbia University, tablets containing either certain combinations of vitamins or an inert substance, were administered to two groups of 1,200 women, attending respectively a maternity clinic in Norfolk, a coastal town in Virginia, and one in a rural area in Kentucky. In the Virginia group, who



African mothers, with their babies, listening to a lecture on diet at a child-welfare clinic in Kampala, Uganda

were all needy tenement dwellers, eighty per cent. Negro, the children of the mothers who had received vitamins, when tested at three or four years, were found to have a significantly higher I.Q. than those of the mothers who had received the inert substance. The difference was as much as eight I.Q. points for those where the vitamin B complex had been supplied. In the Kentucky mountain group, on the other hand, consisting of white descendants of old British immigrant stock, who derived a balanced diet from their cottage gardens, there was no difference between the average I.Q. of the children whose mothers had had the benefit of the vitamin treatment and those who had not.

Another environmental factor that has to be reckoned with is the general cultural, as distinct from the familial, environment. There is a tendency for children reared in a rural environment to score lower in power tests of intelligence, probably again because of the less diverse and intense stimulation they receive during the most formative years. Finally, there is the effect of scholastic education, particularly important in stimulating development during the later years of childhood, and in establishing verbal, numerical, and reasoning skills, without which the power of the mind can never realise its maximum potential or attain optimum effectiveness in adjusting to the requirements of civilisation.

Attempts have been made to assess the range of environmental variation that could be brought about by all these influences together on the deployment of innate intellectual capacity. American studies on

identical twins suggest that the maximum range is approximately forty I.Q. points, but that influences sufficiently powerful to bring about such variation occur only about once in a thousand American homes. This means that an individual with perfectly average endowment and who under average environmental conditions would have attained an I.Q. of 100 might once in a thousand cases strike either such favourable conditions that the power of his mind developed to I.Q. 120, which ranks as superior, or such adverse conditions that it was depressed to I.Q. 80, which ranks as subnormal. The difference is of vital importance, particularly when one considers that conditions that are extreme within a white group may be far more general in African communities.

It is difficult to generalise concerning these conditions, for they vary considerably from one African community to another, and within the same community according to the closeness of contact with western civilisation. We are interested, however, in those factors in respect of which there are characteristic differences between life in the West and in Africa, particularly tribal Africa, which still includes the majority of the population and which will continue to make its influence felt for many generations to come.

Lack of Mental Stimulation

Neither the domestic environment nor tribal culture and social life provide the kind of stimulation that is necessary for the adequate development of intelligence. Particularly for the infant, but also for the growing child, the material environment offers little scope for the development of manipulative and perceptual habits. Consider the fewness of toys, clothes, furniture, household utensils, the simplicity of the daily round, of the tasks to be performed and the situations to be dealt with. In pre-literate cultures this simplicity extends to the mental life, where symbolic activity is virtually limited to speech. In societies governed by custom, in which only elementary cause and effect relations, often of a purely subjective kind, are appreciated, there is little to stimulate and much to inhibit thought. Curiosity is rare and the spirit of enquiry is not encouraged because there is a traditional answer for most things and magic provides for anything that is not understood. Maternal interest and affection, which have been found so important in creating the right atmosphere for intellectual growth, are intense during the first two years of life; but after weaning, which generally takes place in a traumatic manner, there is often separation from the parents or in any case a marked falling off in attention. The parents have little to give beyond exhorting compliance with custom and taboo, and this is particularly noteworthy in those cases where the children are receiving scholastic education, but can obtain no guidance, or reinforcement of what they have learned, from the home.

Recent research work on mental and physical development in which use was made of the Gesell Baby Tests showed that the African baby was far in advance of the European baby at birth. This advantage is gradually lost and, from the second year on, the European child develops more rapidly. Substantially the same result was obtained in areas as far apart and as different as Dakar, Kampala, and Johannesburg. One can only speculate concerning the causes of this phenomenon. The African child loses its advantage when the quality of the breast-milk falls off and it is placed on an inappropriate diet; when the need for physical care, which the mother can give, begins to yield to the need for mental stimulation in respect of which both she and the cultural environment become more and more inadequate. We do not know whether this is the explanation, or whether there is a true genetic difference which makes the African less physically helpless at birth, but more mentally helpless at adulthood.

Much has been made of the preoccupation of Africans with sex, of the sexual precocity of African children, and of the stultifying effect on intellectual interest of various forms of indulgence. This is claimed to be the reason why mental growth is arrested after puberty. There is no experimental evidence, either to prove that such a check does occur, or that sexual indulgence is responsible for it, but the possibility cannot be entirely overlooked.

Just as important as cultural influences are the effects of inadequate diet and of tropical diseases. Infantile malnutrition is endemic in the whole of Africa south of the Sahara, and numerous African children everywhere develop deficiency diseases in an acute or subclinical form. Of these, by far the most devastating is the disease known as *kwashiorkor*, a name which refers to the discoloration of the hair which is one of the symptoms. It is probably caused by severe lack of protein, complicated by vitamin deficiencies, and until recently it contributed greatly to a high infantile mortality rate. There is some evidence that

the disease impairs the function of the central nervous system, and research is in progress, both in North Africa and jointly by the Infantile Malnutrition Research Group in Kampala and the National Institute for Personnel Research in Johannesburg, to determine these effects more precisely by means of electroencephalography—the recording of the bio-electrical activity of the brain. The electroencephalogram is a useful means of detecting brain damage and functional neural disturbances. This type of malnutrition, even when it is not severe enough to lead to a disease, may deprive the nervous system of the substances which it needs to develop fully, and any retardation in this most formative stage may never be made good; and so there is a strong probability that the kind of nutritional depression of intelligence that was postulated in Gates' vitamin experiments in the United States is pretty general in Africa and that, if anything, its effects would be more severe.

Little is known about the extent to which other tropical diseases, such as malaria, bilharzia, and hookworm, impair ability. By causing debility, they are likely to affect the vigour and liveliness of the mind, rather than its capacity, but the problem has hardly been touched by research.

Finally, there is the handicap suffered by African intelligence in being largely without the benefits of formal education. Scholastic education is the mechanism which establishes the mental skills through which intelligence can best make itself effective, and whereby the mind is raised to higher adaptive levels. Though educational facilities are increasing, they as yet touch only a minority of Africans. Schooling is often confined to establishing the rudiments of literacy and arithmetic, and its effects in stimulating the mind to enquire, to criticise, and to seek objective causal relations is negligible in all but the smallest minority of cases. It follows, therefore, that environment has not only failed to enhance intellectual development in Africans, it has, both through its physical and its cultural influences, actively restrained such development and congealed the mind into habits which debar the individuals concerned from adequately responding to such education or stimulation as may eventually come their way.

Yet we cannot conclude from this that if all environmental inequalities were removed, the intellectual differences between Africans and persons of European descent would be found to have vanished. In practice such differences can never be wholly removed, for Africa can never be Europe, neither climatically nor culturally. But even in laboratory experiments it is difficult, if not impossible, to establish comparable conditions. To begin with, there is no common measuring device. An intelligence test can measure intelligence only indirectly, through the medium of mental skills that vary from culture to culture. The so-called 'culture-free' intelligence tests are a misnomer. They avoid the use of verbal symbols—thereby imposing a handicap on Africans whose language ability is generally well developed—but they assume facility in the interpretation of pictorial symbols and in the use of pencil and paper, which most Africans do not possess. Performance also depends on a process of logical reasoning which requires verbal concepts that are not characteristic of African languages. Comparisons between the black and the white races based on these and other tests are therefore not valid. On the rare occasions that groups can be compared who are equally at home in western culture and who are equally well educated, one is dealing inevitably with non-representative samples of the respective populations and no general conclusions can be drawn. Experiments on Negroes in the United States have shown that with improvement in environmental conditions, there is an improvement in test performance, but the critical experiment in which all conditions are equated, including the sampling factor, has yet to be performed.

An Open Question

The question regarding the abilities of Africans must therefore remain an open one. The possibility cannot be ignored that natural selection and isolation have produced strains in Africa that are different, both in respect of the power of the mind and of the skills that are most readily developed.

The South African National Institute for Personnel Research has embarked on a number of long-term research programmes to throw light on these complex and vitally important questions. It has devised a method of applying tests whereby use is made of a silent ciné-film to explain what the candidate has to do. Comparable data can thus be obtained from any African area, regardless of language differences. It is the intention to determine the effect of a variety of environmental and cultural influences on test performance, and in particular to find out how far mental efficiency, as measured by tests, can be improved by changes in nutrition, health, education, and cultural circumstances. One

of the most comprehensive studies, in which psychologists, sociologists, medical scientists, and nutritional experts are collaborating, concerns the effects of sociological background, domestic environment, parental outlook, and pre- and post-natal feeding on mental and physical growth. Other studies are concerned with both the constitutional and cultural determinants of personality development, for the intellectual effectiveness of Africans is not merely a matter of ability. Activity level, motivation, tempo, and character qualities must also be taken into account.

Extensive practical use is already being made in the Union of South

Africa of the results of some of these studies, particularly in the field of personnel selection, where it is important that optimum use should be made of the opportunities to advance that are now becoming available to Africans. It is in this direction that research should be developed, rather than in attempting to make comparisons between races under conditions that are meaningless in relation to the realities of Africa. Meanwhile, categorical statements that are made concerning the abilities of Africans are based more on the prevailing ideologies of the twentieth century than on its record of scientific fact.—*Third Programme*

The Problem of England's Canals—II

E. E. RICH on a personal tour of some inland waterways

THE controversy which has always raged over the management of England's inland waterways since the advent of the railways was not ended by the royal commissions which were appointed, in the early years of the century, to enquire into the condition and financial control of the canals. Three factors were always in the minds of the commissioners: first, most of the canals had been highly successful in their early days; second, enthusiasm, investment, and capital had ceased suddenly, and virtually no new construction had taken place since the advent of the railways in the eighteen-thirties; and, third, about thirty per cent. of the canal system had come into the possession of the railway companies. The commissioners were faced with the fact that English canals had been entirely created by private enterprise, whereas other countries had thought it worth while to spend large sums of public money in improving and extending their waterways. And they were required to report their opinion whether more finance, a centralised board of control or a canal trust, further coercion of the railway companies, and technical improvement could give to England a system of inland waterways which would cheapen the costs of distribution and give English manufacturers lower costs of production.

Even the fourth and final report of 1909 was not conclusive, for it contained five reservations and subsidiary reports on such important points as the great advantage of coastal shipping over inland waterways, the fallacy of subsidising transport (of any kind) from public funds, the enormous cost which improvements would require, and the insuperable advantages of railways over canals in a country such as ours.

With some knowledge of the historical background of the problem, and of the reports which had been published, I decided to go and see for myself why there could be such

deep differences of opinion on so important a topic. After a fair amount of planning and of correspondence to ensure that the route we had chosen was possible, a friend and I set off on a tour of the canals in the summer of 1931. The preliminary planning was necessary, for we



Contrasts in scenery on England's canals: above, the Leeds and Liverpool Canal where it enters the Liverpool docks; below, the Kennet and Avon Canal at Bathampton, Somerset



had a wide choice of routes—but not every canal which appeared on the maps was still workable in 1931. The Stroudwater, in particular, which we hoped to use as a route from the Severn to the Thames, we found had been officially closed a mere four years earlier, in 1927, having been useless for many years previously. Fortunately, there was available the alternative route by the Kennet and Avon; but here also we found room for doubt, and it seemed probable that we should find it hard to cross from the Severn to the Thames, for our choice lay between paying, for each of the 106 locks involved, a fee which would have been beyond our means, or compounding for £5 and agreeing to take the canal as we found it, without insisting on our right to a viable route or towpath. It sounded ominous, but we agreed to take a chance.

Our object in planning the journey—apart from a desire to see England in a pleasant and restful way—was to make a round tour into each of the four great river basins, the Humber, the Mersey, the Severn, and the Thames. We started, and hoped to finish, at York because that was where the boat was kept; and we soon came to call our tour 'From York to York by Inland Waterways'.

From York we dropped easily down the Ouse to Selby, and then turned up, by the Aire and Calder Navigation and then by the Calder and Hebble, to Wakefield and Huddersfield. So far all was supremely efficient—great locks taking

enormous barges, and the waterways full of traffic. True, the locks between Wakefield and Huddersfield were shorter than those below Wakefield (which was a technical defect, perhaps), but they were plenty large enough for us.

At Huddersfield we entered the Narrow Cut and immediately we began to climb the Pennines. Then, as lock succeeded lock, straight from one into another, we began to realise the weight of the problem. And when at the top we found that the three-mile Slathwaite tunnel, built at such enormous cost, was but a narrow little hole in the hill with no towing-path, we knew why no traffic passed that way. For the bargee had to send his horses over the summit by road when he got to the tunnel-mouth, and to 'foot' his barge through the tunnel, lying on his back and 'walking' his boat through, with his legs in the air and using the roof of the tunnel. In 1931 we were the first motor-boat ever to be allowed to use the Narrow Cut—under solemn engagements to keep our speed so low that the banks would not suffer.

Our passage through the tunnel itself was enlivened by the revelation that the railway engineers, faced with the same problem as the canal-builders in crossing the summit, had driven their line alongside the canal and had used the canal-tunnel, unused by water-traffic, as a chimney to take off the smoke and gas from the parallel railway tunnel. A passing express deluged us with smuts and almost asphyxiated us! But we emerged safely into the sunshine and began to descend from the summit. Down the hill into Lancashire, in the cumulative emptiness of Wake Week and an industrial depression, we found that canal travel has the disadvantage that coming downhill is just as arduous as going up; the locks must be worked just the same.

Through Altrincham, south of Manchester, and past Warrington, on the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, there was no sign of neglect, not even of ease or restfulness. The waterways of Lancashire were carrying the freight they were built for, as had those of Yorkshire. It was only on the hills and over the summit, so far, that we had been on deserted waters. So when we turned south through Cheshire, on the Trent and Mersey to Middlewich, past the junction with the busy Ellesmere Canal and south again (into the Shropshire Union system), we were all the more delighted to find well-kept and prosperous waterways, leading us through enchanting agricultural country. Relaxation set in, and when we had joined the Severn at Stourport we almost shot over the first weir which we had met as we went downstream.

Stourport itself we found a fascinating inland port, with its little harbour and its customs officers, its timber ships and foreign sailors. Perhaps we were lucky. But we realised that the Severn, well cared for and with the great Berkeley Ship Canal to avoid the troubled waters at Sharpness, takes seaborne trade as far inland as Stourport, past the junction of the Warwickshire Avon at Tewkesbury, and of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal at Worcester. In petrol and oil, too, there is a new cargo which well repays water transport and is particularly adapted to it, easily piped from tankers to diesel-engined barges which take it up the canals that penetrate the industrial midlands.

The Severn, past Worcester, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester, is a broad and gracious river, and the valley between Cotswold and Malvern hills was as comely as the river. But another thing which we discovered was that a boat on a river may well be sunk between deep banks and cut off from the country; whereas a canal is usually at ground-level and is often banked up above the countryside.

Below Gloucester we took the great Gloucester and Berkeley Ship Canal so as to avoid the falls of the Severn at Sharpness. This sixteen-mile cut, from the sea-gates at Sharpness to the Severn at Gloucester, is without locks and is built to take 1,200-ton boats up to Gloucester. Completed in 1827, after great difficulties spread over more than thirty years, it has never succeeded in attracting sea-going ships to Gloucester in any numbers, or in restoring that city as a centre of

distribution. The canal does, however, carry a fair traffic, and we ourselves were towed down the Bristol Channel by a kindly cargo-boat which we met in Sharpness lock. This was a relief, for our small boat was well laden and might have been swamped in the rough open water of the Bristol Channel—apart from the fact that we stood a good chance of running aground on the tricky shoals. We had taken about a fortnight to get so far; and by now we had forgotten that we ever thought leisure went with canal-travel. For, even on such sweetly charming reaches as the Shropshire Union or the Severn afforded, never an hour passed without a lock or a bridge, and as often as not they involved a strenuous wrestle with sluices or gates.

From Avonmouth, through Bristol's docks to the Bristol Avon and Bath, we made our way to the Kennet and Avon. Straight up the hill, westwards from near Bath railway station, run the locks, as at Huddersfield. These are beautiful reaches, and Limpley Stoke, with its fine aqueduct carrying the canal high over the river, rivals the Saxon church and the chapel-on-the-bridge at Bradford-on-Avon for sweet and simple charm.

But realities cannot be overlooked in canal travel, however great the delights may be. The flight of twenty-nine locks, one after the other, which takes the canal up to the summit at Devizes, is a memorable sight. It is more memorable still when you gaze back down on it after a twelve-hour day spent in nothing but the labour of working the sluices and swinging the gates.

On the summit, too, trouble faced us, for some of the locks were in need of repair; and it is impossible to swing a lock-gate until the water is level on both sides of it. So a leaky gate or a broken sluice can hold you. We became adepts at throwing hay into the water, and packing it with shovels-full of soil as it was drawn into the holes. So we stopped the leaks for a moment—enough to work the locks and make our slow way through north Wiltshire. It was utterly beautiful—but very wearing, especially as there was too much weed for the engine to be used, and we had to tow the boat (on a tow-path to which we had denied our right!) until we dropped down from the summit, past Pewsey and the Bedwyns to Hungerford and Newbury, with the swift waters of the Kennet flashing in and out of the navigation. Locks and swing-bridges were still crazy—especially one bridge on the Basingstoke road at Aldermaston Wharf, which broke its back when we swung it off its pillars—but nothing could spoil the sheer delight of this river. Yet we could well see



Map showing 'The Cross', the four main English canal routes

why the Kennet and Avon had never paid; and we met no boat in all the way.

Lock number 106 (in eighty-eight miles) let us into the Thames at Reading—suave, well-kept, and prosperous; but equally delightful as we followed it up through Goring, Wallingford, and Clifton Hampden to Oxford. There, by the railway bridge and past the gardens of Worcester College, we entered the Oxford Canal, another romantic waterway through a well-kept agricultural land. This canal, with the Kennet and Avon and the Shropshire Union, gave us all the quiet delight which we had ever expected. It is as efficient and well-run as the Shropshire Union (and, after all, it occupies a key position in England's canal system, and it pays a fair dividend on its traffic). By comparison with the broken locks and difficult reaches of the Kennet and Avon, it was luxury to travel north through Banbury to Braunston Junction, for the country is such that the canal can wind along following the contour levels. So locks are few and travel is easy.

From Braunston to Norton Junction we were on the great Grand Junction—busy, important, and well kept, a great trunk route. The Grand Junction Company had absorbed the Grand Union Canal running north to the Leicester and Northamptonshire Union as far back as 1894. But the Soar Navigation through Leicester seemed slight by comparison with the Great Junction. So we came to the Trent, north of Loughborough, and followed it to Nottingham. Just as we had been

surprised to find the Severn capable of taking sea-going boats as far inland as Stourport, so we were astonished (being strangers) to find that the Trent was tidal as far inland as the great Cromwell Lock at Nottingham. The capacity to take river-borne traffic from Hull right into the heart of the country, and to handle it speedily and efficiently, was a revelation.

The river, however, though dredged and scoured, imposes its limitations on the traffic, and when below Newark our small engine finally died, it was fortunately close to a gravel-boat which was waiting for the next ebb to drop downstream and round Trent Falls to Hull with the load of gravel which it had scooped from the river-bed. It was sad to fail so near to home. But we had by this time been five weeks on our tour, and if we had worked hard, so had our engine. It was a hilarious failure, though, for the gravellers were the best of good company. And we, truth-to tell, had had enough. We had ventured into each of the four corners of England's waterways, and had crossed all of the divides. We had opened none of the books which we had taken with us, we had horny hands and creaky backs from working countless locks, and we had got used to a working day of anything from fifteen to eighteen hours.

We were convinced—in our very bones—that some, perhaps the most picturesque, of our canals should never have been built. We were equally convinced that others were capable of handling a vast and vital traffic, and that many of them in fact did so. Whether they could be more profitably used and more fully developed, controlled, and modernised, a tour such as ours could not reveal, for the routes which we had chosen were not representative—if, indeed, any canal route could be considered as representative of anything but itself. The parts of the Shropshire Union system which we had used, for example, were in fine condition. But elsewhere lengths of canal belonging to that Union were falling into decay at that time. Again, the improvements to the Trent Navigation which allowed 200-ton ships (indeed, a train of three lighters and a tug carrying up to 600-tons between them) to go through Cromwell Lock to Nottingham had been only recently completed. Until 1928 cargo from Hull had always been re-stowed in smaller boats at Newark.

Of one thing our tour convinced us, and that was the wisdom of the 1909 Report in insisting that the value of the system would depend upon improvements in the trunk routes linking one area with the others. This the Commissions had summarised as the problem of 'The Cross'; and by 'The Cross' they meant four routes. The Grand Junction Route to Norton Junction and so west through Leamington and Warwick to Birmingham was their Route 1. Their Route 2 led north from Norton Junction, through Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham to Hull. Route 3 joined the Liverpool-Mersey system to both of these two routes, by branches to Birmingham and to Trent Falls; and Route 4 connected up the Severn both to Birmingham and to the Liverpool system at Wolverhampton.

The recommendations of 1909, which had been coupled with a proposal for a Waterways Board, had never been adopted—partly because they would require over £15,000,000 for improvements on the main routes alone, apart from the cost of acquisition; partly because it seemed wrong to put nationalised canals into competition with private-enterprise railways; partly because other problems seemed more pressing. So far were they from being modernised and improved that many canals fell out of use, and during the 1914-18 war they suffered a further decline in traffic and revenue despite a belated attempt to use them as a means of war-transport which came after great numbers of their workers had gone to the war or to other employment. Proposals

for regional grouping and control, made in 1921 and again in 1930, came to nothing, and at the time of our tour canals seemed to be in the doldrums.

The one sign of purpose appeared to be the formation of the Grand Union Canal Company (the second of that name) in 1929. This amalgamated control of the Grand Junction with that of Regent's Canal in London, and three lengths to take it from Braunston to Birmingham. This placed the Route 1 of 'The Cross' under unified control, and with a government guarantee behind it the new company was then spending something like £1,000,000 on its London to Birmingham route. Even so, locks and bridges could not be standardised to allow a fourteen-foot-beam barge to work the whole route. But the short length of this system which we used—from Braunston to Norton Junction—was busy enough, and in apple-pie order.

So much of improvement went with recession on the smaller reaches—the Grantham Canal, for example, was officially closed a couple of years before we passed that way—and the canals as we saw them were feeling not only the general lack of freight in a depressed and unem-

ployed England but the active competition of road transport. Coal, too (an ideal cargo for canals), was being freighted less and less as the grids spread electric power over the land. We saw, nevertheless, that petrol and oil as cargoes were giving the canals a new vigour; and except for the Huddersfield Narrow Cut and the Kennet and Avon, we had travelled throughout on workable, and working, waterways.

The capacity, and the defects, were to be brought out during the war, to involve a government subsidy, a Director of Canals, and a serious policy of forcing more traffic on to the canals. They have, of course, been nationalised at last, in consequence of the Transport Act of 1947. This we could not foresee in 1931, for we had not the gift of prophecy. But we

saw that the bargee was a skilled (and, despite his reputation, kindly) worker who would be difficult to replace. We knew something of the capacity of the four great rivers to distribute goods inland, and of the difficulty of connecting them. We knew that canal travel may indeed be slow but it is not leisurely. And we knew an approach to the heart of England which few have glimpsed.—*Third Programme*



The Gloucester and Berkeley Ship Canal at Slimbridge

Two new pamphlets have been published by the Historical Association. *Common Errors in Scottish History* (edited by Gordon Donaldson, D.Litt., price 1s. 6d.) shows, for example, that the Prayer Book foisted by King Charles I on the Scots in 1637 was not approved by Laud and that the Scottish Commissioners who negotiated the Treaty of Union were not bribed. The other publication is a select bibliography of *Medieval European History, 395-1500* (Helps for Students of History, No. 57, price 2s. 6d.).

Among the latest publications of The Folio Society (70 Brook Street, London, W.1) is *The Trial of Joan of Arc*, being the verbatim report of the proceedings from the Orleans Manuscript, translated with an introduction and notes by W. S. Scott. The price of the book is 18s.

Nagel's *Germany Travel Guide* is published by Frederick Muller, at 30s. This compact and well-printed book contains 682 pages of information about western Germany. There is a detailed map of the whole of Germany, 32 full-page town plans in colour and 61 in black and white. In addition to descriptions of places, practical information about transport, details of regulations, lists of spas and of hotels, camping sites, youth hostels, main public offices, etc.; there are also many chapters on subjects of more general interest, including German history, art, literature, music, drama, education, customs, food and drink.

A Visit to Eighteenth-century York

By SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON

IN a vague way most people have the sense of the past, but it is left to the more imaginative to indulge their curiosity. There can be no doubt at all of the pleasure to be gained by recalling to mind everything one has read or heard concerning a particular period. The vision may be shadowy, the details may remain indistinct, but the illusion is fascinating.

Taking this idea a little further, supposing it were possible not merely to dream of the past but actually to part the curtains of time and step back to see things exactly as they were at a given date, what a thrilling

tomorrow evening. So the day passes with all its fatigues; we ache all over when our post-chaise draws up outside the newly built George Inn at Grantham. But for the fact that I have strong associations with past and present, I might be inclined to wonder at all I see. Let me remind you that King George III has been on the throne of England for twenty-five years; the American Colonies have revolted, and there are many political changes in the air.

And so with indistinct recollection of the towns and villages I have passed through, I spend the night within the elegant chambers of the George at Grantham. The next day we are on the road once more, this time admiring the spires of the churches of Nottinghamshire. Then we speed across the Trent, counting twelve windmills at Tuxford and halting for a meal at the Reindeer, Doncaster. The next excitement is a glance at Selby Abbey; and so by Cawood to York. We have been travelling for twenty-five hours; the evening is drawing on when the chaise at last approaches the grey-stone walls of York. Then I see the cathedral towers dominating the scene.

Let us continue to believe that we are in York in the year 1785. It is evening; the streets seem comparatively free; many shops are already shuttered and the hucksters' stalls are deserted. The chaise draws up outside the Black Swan in Coney Street, where there is already a small crowd to witness the arrival of travellers. People seem always ready to admire the dusty carriages and the unloading. Travellers in those days enjoyed many excitements by day and by night; in summer all was delightful, but what misery in the depths of an icy winter; how they were



York in the eighteenth century, from the confluence of the Rivers Ouse and Foss: a contemporary print
W. T. Spencer

experience it would be! Of course it would be necessary to retain one's identity and modern viewpoint. If I were granted this miraculous power I should be rather embarrassed, for there are so many periods I should like to investigate. But as an architect with decided views on the fine arts and crafts I think the eighteenth century in England would be my choice. Even this might cause me to hesitate unless I were first to select a definite date and a famous place. My choice is York, in the year 1785.

The especial advantage which I enjoy is living in a Georgian house in Queen Anne Street in London—a house which has remained intact from the middle of the eighteenth century. This is a good start, for I can return to the eighteenth century partly equipped with present-day experience. Let me therefore imagine that I am awakened one morning at six with the news that the post-chaise ordered for the journey to the north will be at my door by seven o'clock. After I have breakfasted on bacon and eggs and buttered toast and tea my man informs me that the chaise has arrived and that my valise and portmanteau are in the boot and the travelling case strapped to the roof. The year is 1785, the date September 2, according to my pocket almanack. The street is much as I knew it in 1956. The front door of my house has a leaded fanlight which hitherto I have not missed. There are the milkmaids with their striped petticoats going their rounds, there is the black figure of a chimney sweep, and the postman with his leather bag. It is just seven o'clock, the sun is lighting up the façades of the brick houses. It is curious to see the oil lamps still alight, but the lamp man is already dousing those at the end of the street.

I take my seat in the chaise and with a crack of the postilion's whip we are off, rattling over the stone setts towards Islington and the North Road. And now I have time to notice the back of the round-hatted postilion. I know that I shall see twenty such backs before I reach York

jolted by daylight and starlight, how they watched the candle lamps lighting up the haunches of the cantering horses and the rhythmic movement of the postilion as he directed progress! And then there came the grand finale, to wit, the arrival at the principal inn of an old city.

In my dream it is easy to imagine the landlord coming forward neatly dressed in brown and wearing a tie wig. I am particularly keen to admire the elegance of the Black Swan, especially the hall. Then I am shown into a private room—how different from the rigid style of 1956! The elegant fireplace, the polished steel basket-grate and fender, the poker, shovel, and tongs, all with vase tops, look distinguished. There is a splendid maroon-coloured carpet with a large black swan worked in the centre. The room is altogether most attractive, especially the four-post mahogany bed with its dimity curtains. On the right stands a bow-fronted chest of drawers with an oval stand-glass. There is also a closed-up wash-hand stand with a blue Staffordshire jug and basin. There are two chairs with Gothick slat backs and horsehair seats, a night commode, and a small writing table. The candles are already lit; in fact, I think I am back in my bedroom in London. I marvel at the elegance of the inn and the care shown for the comfort of long-distance travellers.

In my privileged position of time-traveller, I find myself able to contrast past and present in the furnishing and arrangement of English inns. True, the inn of 1956 has inherited certain relics of the eighteenth century in the shape of chairs and tables, but former elegance is conspicuously absent. In Oliver Goldsmith's time the marble fireplace in the Coffee Room was charged for in the bill. Where is that marble fireplace now? Replaced by a gas radiator. And how would the traveller be served with dinner?

Let us examine the Coffee Room. The tablecloth is of cotton and the

plate is Sheffield, including an epergne with glass dishes filled with fruit. The main dish is roast sirloin with potatoes and French beans. You see a mahogany wagon on wheels on which stands a superb Wensleydale cheese. For drink there is the celebrated Yorkshire stingo from Tadcaster. There is a polite waiter in attendance, to give all the local news, particularly the names of those who visited the inn the week before and those who are expected the week after. At ten o'clock visitors retire.

I must not, however, dwell on inevitable changes brought about by the passage of time, but on the contrary ask you to revel with me in this imaginary visit to York. Once again we find ourselves outside the Black Swan in Coney Street at nine o'clock on a September morning in 1785, with the sun warming the central tower of the minster and creating contrasts of colour, light, and shade in the ancient streets. We see the shopkeepers, who live over their shops and train their apprentices and work without cessation themselves. The shutters have been removed from the shops in Stonegate, the butchers in the Shambles have been seen placing joints of beef and shoulders of mutton on the hooks beneath the pendants of their bulk shops. The sashed windows of the bedrooms on the first floors have been open to the morning air; we visualise the mob-capped serving maids busy with mops and dusters. Some apprentices are at their counters, others working at benches under the severe eyes of journeymen.

We can imagine a silversmith's shop with exquisite pieces of silver and plated objects on view behind the bow-fronted shop window. Adjoining this we may see the apothecary's with its cheerful display of glass bottles, nests of drawers, and protective counter. Close by we shall find the gunsmith's stocked with fowling pieces, duelling pistols, powder flasks, and game bags. Scarcely ten yards away stands the linen-draper's shop. At the corner of Petergate stands the bookshop with a sign denoting it to be a circulating library. One book on view seems to be *A Sentimental Journey* by Laurence Sterne. And finally we see Haxby's, the famous York furniture maker. Yes, there



Coney Street, York, in the eighteenth century, with the Mansion House on the right
By courtesy of the Yorkshire Architectural and York Archaeological Society

we can price specimen chairs, tea-tables with claw legs, spinning wheels, and harpsichord pianofortes ready for delivery to town and country mansions.

These eighteenth-century shopkeepers and artificers seem kindly and courteous personages, essentially industrious and painstaking. In my role of architect of the modern period I am anxious to know something of the skilled trades connected with local buildings in the eighteenth century. Naturally, I should look for the workshop of Fisher the Statuary, whose marble memorials are so famous. Then I must search for Pecketts the Glaziers where I might inspect the shops where the windows were made for the nave at the minster. Yes, there stands Pecketts, a very attractive, timber-built, eighteenth-century house with two gables.

What a good thing it is to have the power to view York both in 1785 and 1956 almost simultaneously. To my excited mind, York past and present is a patchwork of medieval and Georgian art.

It is almost one o'clock when I return to the Black Swan. After that, I visit the great cathedral church. Arrived at the west entrance I make the acquaintance of a friendly verger and gradually the secrets of the ancient structure are unfolded. As I go round in his company I pause for a long time in front of the Five Sisters window.

Now we are once again in the streets, musing on the eighteenth century, its qualities, its colour, its picturesque crowds, and matter-of-fact directness. I realise the great debt we owe to the mighty past. I find my way into the hall of the merchant adventurers with its timber roof and its mysterious gloom. Here is the very spirit of medieval York. No wonder the eighteenth-century Georgians hankered after romantic Gothic. The quest for the romantic which so absorbed the York Georgians is now in my spirit, and so I find my way to the courtyard of St. Anthony's Hall, and feel like a freshman entering the precincts of a college for the first time.

Then, suddenly, I find myself again in the present. I have wandered, studied, surveyed, sketched, and painted the countenance of this city of York with its groups of human beings until time itself has become blurred. But if you would view York aright, you must indulge in illusions, you must accept it as embodying not only the eighteenth century with its arts and crafts, but the viewpoints of those very introspective citizens of the reign of King George III.

Once again, let us imagine we are back in Coney Street—the year 1785 has changed to the year 1956. It is April, and the spring sunshine lights up the minster as it has done since the reign of the Plantagenets. Alas, I cannot find the Black Swan; it has been demolished to make room for a multiple store; there is no trace of the showy travelling chariot in which I came from the West End of London so recently. The people who pass seem to have familiar faces but their clothes are not striking in cut or colour, except the female attire. As an architect I am still entranced, as a painter in water colours I am still inspired. Nevertheless, I am at a loss to know what the future has in store for the arts.—*Home Service*



A modern photograph of The Shambles, York

The Cruel Art

JOHN HALE on the impact of gunpowder on Renaissance Christendom

THE cruel art: this was Ariosto's name for the use of gunpowder in warfare. His voice was only one in a chorus of protest against the use of the new weapon. It was challenged on humanitarian grounds, attacked because it was un-Christian, reviled because it threatened to shatter the dream-castles of chivalry by enabling a base-born gunner to blast a knight out of his saddle from afar. The use of gunpowder ran directly counter to the teachings of the Church, and to the social code to which the vast majority of influential men subscribed. But in spite of this the gun came to stay, and gunpowder established itself as an inevitable factor in warfare; indeed, during the period of maximum protest guns underwent a technological revolution that changed them from dangerous jokes to contrivances that Napoleon would have understood and Nelson admired: and increasingly mingled with this protest against gunpowder were voices that condoned, justified, and admired it. The new weapon was accepted as other new weapons had been accepted, because it answered political need and because it appealed to man's inventiveness, his admiration for military efficiency and his national pride.

This ideological crisis occurred in the Renaissance, because it was only in the early sixteenth century that the killing power of guns was properly understood. They had been used for the previous century and a half, but had been hardly more effective than the trebuchets and *ballistas* of medieval siegecraft. They had been used, too, mainly for attacking fortifications; it was only in the Renaissance that men could appreciate the deadly effect of cannon playing over the open field of battle. During the generation of continuous warfare that followed the French invasion of Italy in 1494, firearms began to claim more victims in a battle than previously fell in a campaign. As a result, Renaissance Europe was confronted with what was, to all intents and purposes, a new weapon, and one of unprecedented ferocity and destructive power. What had been a toy had now blown up the house. What had been an occasional hazard for a handful of soldiers had become a problem for society as a whole.

This was not the first time Christian society had been threatened by a new and cruel weapon. When the cross-bow first inflicted its jagged, tearing wounds, it was denounced as a devilish invention. The Church indeed condemned its use. But this did nothing to stop the general acceptance of the cross-bow, or of its evolution into an ever more precise and powerful killing machine. The gun, too, was almost at once labelled an invention of the devil, and it long remained his appropriate weapon. An early fifteenth-century engraving showed a demon levelling a gun against the risen Christ: two centuries later, in Lucifer's final challenge to God in *Paradise Lost*, he gains a brief respite by inventing artillery and startling the opposing angels with a few dreadful but ineffective cannonades. 'Christians do invade Christians with the weapons of hell', exclaimed Erasmus. 'Who can believe that guns were the invention of men?' And on humanitarian grounds even writers with scientific leanings deplored the use of gunpowder in warfare instead of for harmless industrial uses, like blasting for silver. Could not the new weapon be used to create, rather than to destroy? Niccolo Tartaglia, the foremost ballistic expert of his day, told how when he first wrote his book he was so appalled by what he had done that he tore it up. But, on reflecting that he was thereby depriving his fellow-Christians of a powerful means of defending themselves against the Turk, he wrote it all out again.

This argument was a popular one: as long as Christendom was threatened by a common enemy, her armoury should not be starved by scruple. It was an argument that had made the Church helpless to mitigate the increasing horrors of war. The Church had always needed armies to protect her, and she endorsed wars so long as the aggressor was convinced that he was in the right—and what aggressors are not?—and now, at a time when the papacy was fighting its own wars to regain prestige and power in Italy, at a time when papal armies used cannon, when a Pope himself, Julius II, could accompany his troops in full armour, it was not surprising that no word came condemning the gun as the cross-bow had been condemned. The world was divided between two faiths, Christian and Infidel. The Infidels had guns—had battered down the walls of Constantinople with them—and they were not likely to stop making them; why, then, should Christians? The speck of grit in Christendom's conscience was soon coated with the gloss of necessity. An inscription on one of the cannon

belonging to the Archbishop of Trèves announced: 'I am called the Griffon. I serve my gracious lord the archbishop. Where he bids me force my way, I cast down doors and walls'. Charles V had twelve great guns named after the Apostles, and so had Henry VIII. Down-right pacifists like Erasmus and More were rare. Most Christians agreed that you had to be prepared for your just war, and many believed that this naturally involved having guns.



A 25-inch calibre Turkish gun of c. 1464, now at the Tower of London. It was used by the Turks against British ships in the Dardanelles in 1807

Crown copyright

But while Christian arguments against gunpowder tended to remain abstract and impersonal, protests against it on chivalric grounds came home directly to the individual. To the knight, the question was not so much 'Shall I lend my support to a cruel weapon?' but 'Am I going to find myself killed in this particularly repellent way?'—repellent not only because gunpowder made the knight more vulnerable, but also because the fortunes of war were increasingly at the mercy of obscure ruffians armed with a lighted match. It seemed to make nonsense of individual bravery when the grandiloquent plumes of chivalry could be shot off by an impersonal lump of iron. There was nothing new, of course, in the argument that missile weapons were a coward's weapons. Euripides, in the *Hercules Furens*, makes Lycus taunt the father of Hercules by saying that his son was no hero but a knave, because he used a bow and struck down his enemies from afar. And Renaissance writers quoted the words alleged to have been spoken by a king of Sparta at the sight of the first catapult: 'There lies the tomb of bravery'. Petrarch, long before gunpowder had shown its full strength, scorned its inventor as a coward who wished to destroy his enemies without risking his own neck.

But it was Ariosto who gave the argument its classic expression. His hero, Orlando, is made to personify the individualism of the warrior that was cherished by both medieval and Renaissance chivalry. On the battlefield man can prove himself; there he is comparatively free from the comets, portents, and divine dispensations that govern his normal life. There, in full view, he can show himself worthy of the esteem of his peers, his lord, and his mistress. The arrows that had whistled into his personal spotlight had been bad enough, the cross-bow quarrels were worse, but bullets and cannon balls were insupportable: how can a man prove himself against impersonal enemies, against a foe he cannot even look in the face?

In the *Orlando furioso*, Orlando is begged by the daughter of the Count of Holland to avenge the death of her family, butchered by

the King of Friesland, a vengeance all the more urgent in that they were not killed in fair fight, but struck down at a distance by a cowardly new invention, the gun. Orlando accepts the charge and after defeating the wicked king and his army, he takes the cannon, together with its powder and ball, and sails away until his ship stands over the ocean's profoundest depths. There he has the accursed engines dropped overboard, and sails away, thinking that the chivalrous virtues have been saved. But the respite was short. Only two cantos later, the grapnels go down.

More than a hundred fathom buried so,
Where hidden it had lain a mighty space,
The infernal tool by magic from below
Was fished and born amid the German race.

And from them it spread from country to country, until the poet breaks out:

How, foul and pestilent discovery,
Didst thou find lodging in the human heart?
Through thee is martial glory lost, through thee
The trade of arms becomes a worthless art:
And at such ebb are worth and chivalry
That the base often plays the better part.
Through thee no more shall gallantry, no more
Shall valour prove their prowess as of yore.

This cry did not simply float down from the remote eyrie of a poet; it rose from the battlefield itself. Ariosto's verses were echoed within a few years by the bluff prose of a soldier, Blaise de Montluc, smarting from an actual bullet wound. This Gascon noble did not scruple to use firearms in the cause of France, but when he was hit himself his wail of protest ran true to chivalric type:

Would to heaven [he exclaimed], that this accursed engine had never been invented. I had not then received those wounds from which I now languish, neither had so many valiant men been slain for the most part by the most pitiful fellows and the greatest cowards; poltroons that had not dared to look those men in the face at hand, which at distance they laid dead with their confounded bullets; but it was the devils invention to make us murder each other.

Ariosto's angry question—how did gunpowder find a place in the human heart?—is not difficult to answer. In the first place, with many a protest against the horror of the new weapon is mingled a note of pride, pride in man's discoveries, his inventiveness. This is particularly true of German writers. Smarting from the contempt shown them as barbarians by the sophisticates of Italy, the German retort was: 'You may have studied the classics longer than we have, but it took us to invent the most potent instrument in modern war'. In Jacob Wimphling's *Rerum Germanicarum Epitome*, after chapters 'On the Courage of the Germans', 'On the Noblemindedness of the Germans', 'On the Generosity of the Germans', there is one 'On the offensive weapon, vulgarly called the Bombard, invented by the Germans'.

And then, again, artillery appealed to man's ordinary ingenuity, his pleasure in mechanical inventions, his desire to improve them. Men with a taste for ingenious novelties responded eagerly to guns. Cellini, for instance, describes the pride he took in a fowling piece of his own manufacture which shot farther and straighter than any conventional gun. Men with no ordinary military tastes admired guns because they were so



Titian's portrait of Alfonso d'Este (c. 1522) showing him with his hand on the muzzle of a cannon
Metropolitan Museum, New York



Drawing by Leonardo da Vinci of a large cannon being raised on to a gun-carriage (c. 1485-8)

By gracious permission of H.M. the Queen

interesting from a technological point of view; a host of fascinating and often impractical small arms were made for the amusement of the dilettante. In this way the pretty, useless pistol in the collector's study helped him to accept the carnage of the battlefield. Again, Leonardo da Vinci was fundamentally a humane man. He refused to disclose a method of remaining a long time under water because men would use it to rip out the bottoms of ships and drown their crews. Yet his notebooks are filled with designs for better, more effectively destructive, guns. They appealed irresistibly to the technically minded: to the chemist who dabbled in explosives; the physicist, trying to trace the flight of the cannon ball; the craftsman, because the great engines of brass or bronze, chased and inscribed, were often beautiful.

They appealed, too, to the politician. They gave him the most powerful of diplomatic arguments, that of strength. From the mid-fifteenth century it had been realised that one of the best ways of impressing a foreign ambassador was to show him a redoubtable park of artillery. The possession of large, up-to-date, and powerful guns became an essential part of national prestige. Beneath the controversy as to whether the use of guns was Christian or un-Christian, in tune or out of tune with the chivalric code, was the ultimate argument: they helped rulers to win wars. Chivalry accepted in practice what it denied in theory. At one time, Burgundy, the most chivalrous of states, had the finest artillery in Europe. Charles VIII of France, reared on an intoxicating diet of chivalric romances, entered Italy with a train of artillery that spread terror and astonishment throughout the peninsula.

From 1450 to 1550 society can, in fact, be seen accommodating itself to a method of warfare apparently clean contrary to its code. By the turn of the century Ariosto was already speaking only for the extremists among defenders of the chivalric way of life. Others had accepted the existence of firearms without much difficulty. Silent acceptance need cause no surprise. Chivalry, after all, had not always been so chivalrous itself; in the fury of actual combat there was little scope for fastidious

ideals of fair play; the aim in battle was to win, and there was no place in a desperate hand-to-hand scrimmage for the leisured formalities of the lists. In the middle of the fifteenth century Jean de Beuil, writing of the perfect knight, had admitted that in war one should take every advantage, 'for faults are always paid for, and one should always accomplish one's purpose, if not by force, then by cleverness'. And Montluc, in spite of his momentary outcry against guns, believed that in the soldier's task of defeating an enemy, any weapon was justified, even if the devil himself put it into your hand.

What is more interesting is to observe the way in which the gun was openly accepted as a natural, even an honourable, part of the warlike scene. Chivalrous literature early began to find a place for it. Translations from classical military theorists like Vegetius were brought up to date with interpolations about cannon that gave no impression that there was anything here to apologise for. The knight must acquaint himself with the speediest way to reduce a town, the stores and supplies needed to support a siege train of guns. It might be thought that there was no place for the gun in his elaborate symbolism of chivalry—the two edges of the sword that stood for justice and for chivalry itself, the spear whose shaft, point and banner represented truth, strength, and the fearless display of what is right. What could the gun, the cannon ball, be made to represent?

The answer was given in part by Ariosto's own patron, Alfonso d'Este, who bore the emblem of a flaming bombshell on his cuirass. In this device, the projectile did not symbolise the horror of war, but a praiseworthy moral quality, energy held in check until the critical moment, vigour tempered by a wise restraint. The gun had, in fact, entered the respectable iconography of war. When Alfonso was painted by Titian, he chose to be portrayed with his hand resting on the muzzle of a cannon: here I stand, he implies, a man of calm prudence, but capable of sudden masterful activity. It was an exemplification of what Machiavelli had said of fortune: the politician must spend most of his time adjusting himself to her whims, but sometimes he must master and subdue her. The new arm was aestheticised to such an extent in this way that the very invention of gunpowder was used by the mid-sixteenth-century emblemist, Bochi: he printed a picture of the German monk watching the first explosion in his alchemist's mortar to symbolise the tag '*ex minima maxima*'; from the smallest means the greatest results. By the end of the century the cannon was regularly employed, along with the more conventional sword and antique corselet, as an appropriate emblem of the military art. Even Cupid might appear armed, not with an outmoded bow and arrow, but with a gun. In this

way the new weapon was moralised, prettified, familiarised, and in the process it lost some of its horror.

And while men of theory were gradually becoming accustomed to the use of gunpowder, men of action were quietly extending those uses. The gunnery experts characteristically thought more about the weapon itself than its consequences. Shakespeare portrays one of them in the person of Captain Macmorris, furious that the siege of Harfleur had been raised before his mines could go off and blow up the town.

It is true that there is a speech of Hotspur's from 'Henry IV', Part I, which is often quoted as Shakespeare's considered denunciation of gunpowder as unchivalric:

... It was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly.

But Hotspur is quoting: these are the words of an effeminate fop who no longer had the courage to fight now that battles involved the extra hazard of bullet and ball. Experience had shown that the chivalrous virtues of courage, enterprise, and self-sacrificing regard for others could still be shown on a field raked with shot.

Gunpowder first came to maturity at a time when international sanctions were at their weakest, with Popes and Emperors no longer capable of effective arbitration. It was an age when political ambitions ran high, with Great Powers, newly freed from internal commitments and able—and eager—to pursue foreign adventures. There was a literary reflection of this urge to war in a renewed cult of militarism, a fresh wave of admiration for the military virtues, of war as a necessary test of manhood and national vigour. Extreme pacifists might go so far as Erasmus and condemn even the wearing of armour, but the education of the ordinary gentleman stressed the importance of arms. In the fashionable discussion—which pursuit was the more worthy, Learning or Arms—the odds were strongly in favour of arms. Learning, it was feared, led to emasculation; and peace bred luxury; luxury in turn bred civil discontent and strife. As the body needed an occasional purge of rhubarb, the national constitution needed an occasional war.

The customs of war in this highly bellicose period were controlled by the Church and the knightly code of honour. When the first kept silent about firearms, and the second adjusted itself to their use, it was clear that the new weapon was going to survive. The 'cruel art' had come to stay; no hand was sufficiently heroic, or disinterested, to cast its engines once more into the depths.—*Third Programme*

New Developments in Soviet Literature

By MANYA HARARI

IT is forty-one years since I left Russia as a bookish child. To return on a business visit as a publisher was an opportunity as rare in the life of a publisher as in that of an expatriate. My purpose was to look for Russian books to publish in England as well as to sound Russian interest in English writers. This gave me the chance, in spite of the shortness of my visit, to gain some idea of Soviet literary tastes.

In contrast with Russia as I knew it, everyone nowadays is taught to read. Intellectuals seemed to me to read almost literally everything that is published. At the other end of the scale, in a log cabin in the country, I was sufficiently impressed to find two technical manuals: the young head of the family was 'improving himself' but neither he nor his wife read for entertainment. Among the educated, Tolstoy and Chekhov seemed to me to occupy the same prominent position as in my childhood. Ilya Ehrenburg told me that young people liked Dostoevsky's early books, such as *The Humiliated and Insulted*, but skipped chapters in *The Idiot* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. He thought that Dostoevsky's philosophy of suffering appeared to them artificial; as for *The Possessed*, they would find it altogether alien. (It is, in fact, omitted from the collected works, which are now being reprinted after a long interval.)

Ehrenburg received me charmingly in his pleasant flat, cluttered up with Picassos, beautiful, archaic-looking peasant potteries and carvings,

and books—including his own—in almost every language. We spoke of Soviet literary trends. I said that some of the novels I had read seemed overlaid by their moral message; he said this meant that they were badly written novels: art could not be amoral but in an accomplished work of art the message was integrated.

Talking about English books with Soviet publishers, I heard much that interested and surprised me. The first English authors usually mentioned to me for their popularity were Shakespeare, Dickens, Galsworthy, and Mr. Aldridge. Shakespeare is constantly performed and widely read, including the sonnets in Marshak's and Pasternak's excellent translations, and Dickens seems to be as much a household word as when I had *Bleak House* read to me at the age of six. As for Mr. Aldridge, he has achieved country-wide fame with his novel, *The Diplomat*, which has helped to form the Russians' notion of the wickedness of British diplomacy. Many other authors are translated—Sterne, Swift, Fielding, Scott, Smollett, Burns, Byron, Hardy, Kipling's books for children, Jack London, Conan Doyle, and Bernard Shaw, to mention some. Among contemporary works, Mr. Balchin's *The Small Back Room* and Mr. Aldington's *All Men Are Enemies* have been best-sellers, and a number of left-wing writers and journalists are published.

Once or twice I was asked advice about such unexpected subjects as John Donne, the metaphysical poets, and the minor Elizabethan play-

wrights, as well as about Dylan Thomas, Mr. Graham Greene's short stories, and the memoirs of Mr. Lehmann. On the whole, however, so informed an interest was rare. I was often asked for names of books describing present-day conditions in our country; but even intellectuals would hardly believe that Galsworthy's picture of England was not up to date. They were courteous, friendly, curious, but profoundly ignorant, I thought, of our contemporary art and way of life, as well as deeply suspicious of our ethics.

With the 'new look' in cultural and foreign policy, more information is allowed to trickle in, though in a rather haphazard fashion. Thus *Ogoniok*, a magazine of wide circulation, carried an illustrated article on Paris; the creator of the puppet theatre, Obraztsov, wrote a sketch on his visit to London—a curious mixture of fact, friendliness, and error—which was printed in a periodical and as a children's supplement. Publishers seemed genuinely keen on more translations and were also reprinting those published in the early 'thirties.

Anti-Stalin Allegory

In Soviet fiction, hints of the iniquity of Stalin's regime were dropped soon after his death. Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*, printed in spring 1954, was an anti-Stalin allegory. No other novel since then has gone so far; perhaps Ehrenburg, at least to some extent, took the bit between his teeth, or perhaps the official revelations were intended to come earlier than they did in fact. In other novels too, however, cupboards that had long been locked are being aired and the old skeletons come tumbling out: people are admitted to have been persecuted as children of alleged political criminals, the issue is raised of the victimisation of former prisoners of war and of civilians who stayed in occupied areas, and in one novel there is even a discussion as to whether it was right not to come to the relief of Warsaw. Such criticism may seem mild to us, but it is unprecedented, for, under Stalin, whatever was approved by the regime was, at the time that it was done, presented as salutary, and later, when the climate changed, never referred to. Criticism of present-day conditions is less fundamental, but much freer than it used to be.

Criticism and self-criticism are not new in themselves; officially, they have always been encouraged. The question is, who is to be criticised, by whom, and to what extent? When I was in Moscow, a young worker, boasting of the freedom of the press since the removal of Beria, said to me: 'Nowadays the newspapers will criticise anyone, whatever his position. And I bet you that when Molotov and Khrushchev meet, they too criticise one another'. 'But suppose', I asked him, 'that you wanted to criticise Molotov in the press, and to say that he ought to be removed from his job, could you do it?' He literally staggered and blanched at the idea.

Yet in a recent novel, when a small boy calls his uncle a silly fool, his stepfather says: 'Quite right. That's what is called just criticism'. The boy's mother is shocked. 'It is inconceivable', she says, 'that children should criticise grown-ups. Once they start criticising us, how are we to bring them up? They must respect us'. 'But how is he to respect such a nitwit as his uncle?' 'He must. The very idea that a grown-up can be a nitwit cannot be allowed to enter his head'. It may be wrong to read a political implication into this dialogue. But if the image is applied to Russia, under Stalin the children were encouraged to criticise one another for not carrying out their master's orders with sufficient zeal. Nowadays they criticise the prefects, even the assistant masters, and they call the former headmaster a silly fool. This may still be a long way from criticising the headmaster who is actually in office. All the same, the idea that a grown-up can be a nitwit has been put into the children's minds, and this at least makes for more lively debate.

The Same Story—with a Difference

To show some of the differences: in *Far from Moscow*, the best-seller for 1949, the heroic manager of an industrial concern inspired his team to put up with unendurable conditions in order to carry out a superhuman task imposed by Stalin. Nobody in the team had the slightest doubt that Stalin's order was correct or that their superiors were carrying it out properly: all that their conscience had to be concerned about was whether they were putting their heart and soul into the job. This was the subject-matter of their criticism as also of the author's. In a post-Stalin novel almost the same story is told differently. Here an efficient but inhuman bureaucrat, through gross neglect, lets his workers live in unendurable conditions for the sake of high production norms which, he hopes, will forward his career. There is surly

grumbling rather than self-criticism among his workers, and there is no mystery as to what is being criticised by the author. Scandals are exposed with admirable frankness. In Nekrassov's novel *Home Town*, the chairman of the party branch bureau conspires with its most respected members to remove a decent university professor from his job because he stands in the way of his advancement, and it is left to the youngest member to expose the plot after facing a rigged party trial. In Panova's *Seasons of the Year*, the housing shortage is exploited by corrupt officials, and the whole of a provincial town is caught up in a network of crime and 'spivvery' which involves almost everyone from teddy-boys to V.I.P.s.

I was told in Moscow that official circles feared lest the new trend should degenerate into a flood of pessimism. This seems hardly justified; for in each case the present day abuses are shown to exist only until news of them has reached the highest quarters, and whatever problems are raised there is always the solid assurance to the reader that the people headed by their rulers can and will resolve them. Yet, although the present rulers and their policies at the highest level are never attacked and the past has only been made vulnerable by the death of Stalin, the change is greatly to be welcomed.

For serious writers—for people whose vocation it is to witness to their conscience by their written word—the silence of the Stalin epoch must have been terrible. That at least some of them would have protested openly, if they could, has been suggested in print only by a few curious allegories. In a story by Kassil, two children invent an island kingdom where a revolution was brought about by a hero who arrived in the sealed cabin of a ship—obviously their version of the arrival of Lenin; but since then power has been seized by a wicked magician. His servants, the winds, are everywhere; they report what people say and inflict terrible punishment on those who express heretical opinions. In one post-Stalin novel there is again question of the wind—but now it is a storm which roars like the fury of a crowd and sweeps away the local tyrant. Oddly, and regrettably, this novel was published in translation in America with an added epilogue complaining of its drabness. So easy is it for us in the West to fail in sympathy for the predicament of the Soviet writers and to overlook the hints which for so long have been their only means of voicing their opinions.

Precarious Freedom?

The writing of 1955 is not by any means completely free. In fact, to the extent that it is officially inspired, it is tempting to read into it the foreshadowing of dilemmas with which the Government may be faced. For instance, once Stalin is denounced but Lenin is not, may not the public ask for a return to Lenin's NEP—the relaxed economy tried out in his later years? And is this perhaps why the villain in fiction tends to be the former 'nepman'? Nevertheless, a greater freedom is certainly there, though it is too early to tell whether it will last, or how far it has been granted by authority or seized in advance of permission by the writers, at a cost of courage which we cannot judge. At any rate the problems they discuss today bring us to a much more human understanding of Soviet society than the moral clichés which used to roll off Stalin's presses. One of the most amusing I have come across, familiar as it is to us, is the social prejudice against trade, which is the subject of Argunova's *The Door Is Open*. The hero, a shop assistant, cannot bear to admit his job to the little snob he flirts with, though he suffers equally from the fiddling of his fellow shop assistants which is partly responsible for creating the prejudice.

A much deeper and more touching light on social conditions is thrown by Leonov's play, 'The Golden Coach'. Much could be said about it, for Leonov is one of the most complex, as well as one of the most literary and accomplished, Soviet writers. The main character, a successful elderly geologist, revisits his home town where the mayoress is Marya, whom he loved as a young man before the revolution and whose parents rejected him for his poverty. He comes back in the golden coach of his success. Marya refuses to be dazzled by it, but her daughter, engaged to a poor man, Timosha, a former astronomer blinded in the war, only just resists being swept off in it by the geologist's son. In the end Marya's compassion prevails in the young girl.

The new travellers in golden coaches are perhaps not many but they travel high above the muddy road on which the Marya's are conscientiously plodding; the geologist is not a relic of the past but his faults are those of a new way of life which is not unlike the old. Yet the play is something more than criticism of the new social inequalities and snobberies. The golden coach is perhaps also the pageant of Stalinist

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NEWS DIARY

April 11-17

Wednesday, April 11

French Cabinet approves decrees authorising call-up of 200,000 reservists for Algeria

Postmaster-General announces increases in telephone and some postal rates

Mr. Hammarskjöld, U.N. Secretary-General, has meeting with Colonel Nasser in Cairo

British soldier killed in ambush in Cyprus

Thursday, April 12

Mr. Hammarskjöld reports to Security Council that Israel and Egypt have agreed to refrain from hostile acts against each other, but reserve right of self-defence

Painting 'Jour d'Été' by Berthe Morisot (valued at £10,000) stolen from Tate Gallery, London: Irish National Students' Council admits removing the picture

Friday, April 13

General Gruenther to retire from post of Supreme Allied Commander, Europe

King Feisal of Iraq accepts invitation of the Queen to visit London in July

Another British soldier killed in Cyprus

Saturday, April 14

R.A.F. withdraws from last of its airfields in Suez Canal Zone

Widespread disorders in Denmark follow passing of Bill to enforce plan for ending four weeks of strikes

Bulgarian and Albanian Communist Parties admit that several of their leaders, executed during Stalin's regime, were 'wrongly accused'

British delegation, led by Sir Walter Monckton, arrives in Teheran for meeting of Council of the Baghdad Pact

Sunday, April 15

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev sail for Britain

About sixty-five rebels reported killed by French security forces in Algeria

Monday, April 16

Bulgarian Prime Minister, Mr. Chervenkov, offers his resignation, which is accepted

President Eisenhower vetoes Farm Bill passed by both Houses of Congress

Painting 'Jour d'Été' is returned to the Tate Gallery

Israel celebrates Independence Day

Tuesday, April 17

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Macmillan, introduces his Budget

Moscow radio broadcasts statement on the Middle East

U.N. Secretary-General has talks with the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Israel

H.M. the Queen opens Bristol's new Council House

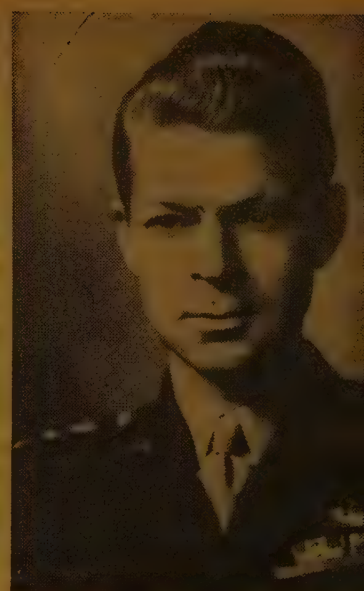
Mr. Anton Yugov becomes Prime Minister of Bulgaria



Mr. Nikita Khrushchev (left) and Mr. Nikolai Bulganin, who arrived in Great Britain yesterday on a ten-day visit, leaving the Byelorussia railway station, Moscow, last Saturday on the first stage of their journey. The Russian leaders travelled to Portsmouth in the cruiser *Ordjonikidze*



Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike (right), the new Prime Minister of Ceylon, being greeted by his supporters. His opposition party, the People's United Front, won a decisive victory in the recent General Election



General Loris Norstad, who is to replace General Gruenther as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, on his retirement last year. General Norstad, who is forty-one, has been General Gruenther's Air Deputy for the last three years

Right: His Holiness Vazgen I, Catholicos of all Armenians, photographed with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace last weekend. This is the first time that the head of the Armenian Church has visited this country



Daffodils bordering Constitution Hill, London, returned to the garden after being stolen last week



The scene in Monte Carlo harbour as Miss Grace Kelly, who is marrying Prince Rainier III of Monaco today, arrived from America on April 12. She is seen disembarking from Prince Rainier's yacht. The ceremony will be seen on television in this country



a photograph taken last week as the Horse Guards after the Changing of the Guard



A seven-week-old Rhesus monkey which is being reared by hand at Whipsnade Zoo after being abandoned by its parents at birth



Quadruplet lambs born on a farm at Eastington, Gloucestershire, last week

Responsibility



The lighthouse keeper is always on watch, responsible for the safety of countless ships that pass in the night.

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(continued from page 457)

ambition, including its dream of the geological transformation of the country, and Timosha is the poor, war-maimed reality. In the play he is capable of greatness but his only chance of health, for body and spirit, lies in a sober acceptance of the facts and a new, humble, and hard training.

The mediocre son of Leonov's geologist is one of many such characters in recent fiction. Often they are the children not only of successful party members but of convinced communists, idealists and heroes. The problem of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* is acutely felt, and from the orthodox standpoint this is an astounding fact for it goes clean against the dogma of social conditioning. Again and again in the new writing we are explicitly told that there have always been both good and evil men. The villain is often of an age and a position to have had the full benefit of Soviet education, while the best people were grown-up before the revolution. A new, human, unpredictable element has been admitted, and with it the whole treatment of life and of human relationships is beginning to change. Life is no longer only life in the collective and personal life is no longer necessarily bourgeois egotism. Friendship and love are not legitimate only as a social cement or an inspiration to work. Even nature can be loved for its own sake and not only out of patriotism.

It is true that these novels of the past few years are still burdened by their message and a little prudish by our standards. But we cannot leave out of account that in Russia the Victorian liking for a story with a moral was strengthened by Tolstoy, who believed that form should be wholly subordinate to content and the content only justified by moral purpose. The reaction against this attitude was short-lived and for decades the Stalinist interpretation of it almost spelt the death of art. Only recently have ethics come to mean something less damaging.

Gardening

In the Flower Garden

By F. H. STREETER

FOR those of you who would like something very choice in your garden, why not try a few groups of lilies, also a few in pots to take indoors in full bloom? The easy lilies, that will thrive in the garden, must have good drainage: that is essential, so never try them on wet, swampy ground. Next, they love to grow up through dwarf shrubs, such as azaleas. The azaleas will flower in all their brilliant colours in late spring and early summer and the autumn foliage is superb. Give the lily bulbs a little peat and sand or some leaf soil round each bulb. I can assure you they are well worth any little extra time and soil you can give them. When you can grow azaleas and lilies together, the lilies will not need staking. I think one of the finest for all purposes is *Lilium regale*. It is a beauty, and very cheap. It grows about two to three feet high, with many flowers on a stem—sometimes up to twenty. It looks at home in the shrubbery or flower border, and brought along quickly is a gem for pots. It grows well from seed, and will flower the second and third year if sown in February or March. If you buy the bulbs, they will flower the first season. It should be planted at once.

Do you remember the old Tiger Lily (*Lilium tigrinum*)? You often see a clump in the cottage gardens which has been growing there for years—the bulbs crowding each other right on top of the ground. The colour in the border is lovely—a soft, salmon-orange with black spots and dark stems. This tiger lily goes on flowering for a long time. Plant the bulbs of this lily about seven inches deep.

One of the easiest lilies to grow is *Henryi*. It is a fine plant, often reaching six to seven feet high, and planted in between the Japanese plume poppy, *Bocconia cordata*, it gives a lovely combination of colours. It goes on for years, springing up every year and often carrying twenty blooms or more. The beauty of *Lilium Henryi* is that it thrives in almost any soil, except perhaps a hungry gravel where nothing will thrive, so give it a good start and all will be well.

Try to have at least half a dozen *Lilium auratum*—the finest of them all. It is such a noble lily, and thrives well in a woodland garden with the rhododendrons. It loves a cool bottom—not wet, mind you, but that moist soil that you often find in the woods.

Put a few bulbs in the shrubbery or the flower border. Leave it alone once you get it established. Give it a little rich top-dressing while it

But today there are some signs of a still newer literary form. Panova's latest book is the story of Seriozha, a small boy whose widowed mother, a school teacher, marries for a second time. He is emotionally insecure because she was always a little too busy to give him of her best. He leans on his stepfather who is sensible and friendly, but when Lenya, a second boy, is born Seriozha falls ill. The crisis comes when, before he has recovered from glandular fever, his stepfather changes his job and the family must move to the far north. They decide to leave Seriozha for the winter with his aunt. The reason he is given is that he is too ill to stand the journey, but he feels that in reality his parents are leaving him because they love him less than they love one another and the baby. His feelings are explained in this passage, which must certainly be unique in Soviet writing:

To his resentment against his mother—a wound which was to leave in him a scar never to be removed, however long he lived—there was added the sense of his own guilt: he was guilty. Of course, he must be worse than Lenya, he had swollen glands, so Lenya would be taken while he was left behind.

Seriozha is a moving and accomplished work of art. It is also a remarkable phenomenon. For if it has a message at all, it is that that which makes the stuff of life and marks a character is love given and received. It is on this criterion that the boy's mother is assessed—we are not even told if she was good at her job. And the tolerably happy ending is brought about by the sudden compassion of his stepfather which gives him a true instinct for Seriozha's needs. Thus the elements of which the story is made up are simply those of any human tragedy—Soviet writing seems at last to be attaining to that universality which Russian fiction always had and through which it made its outstanding contribution to the world.—*Third Programme*

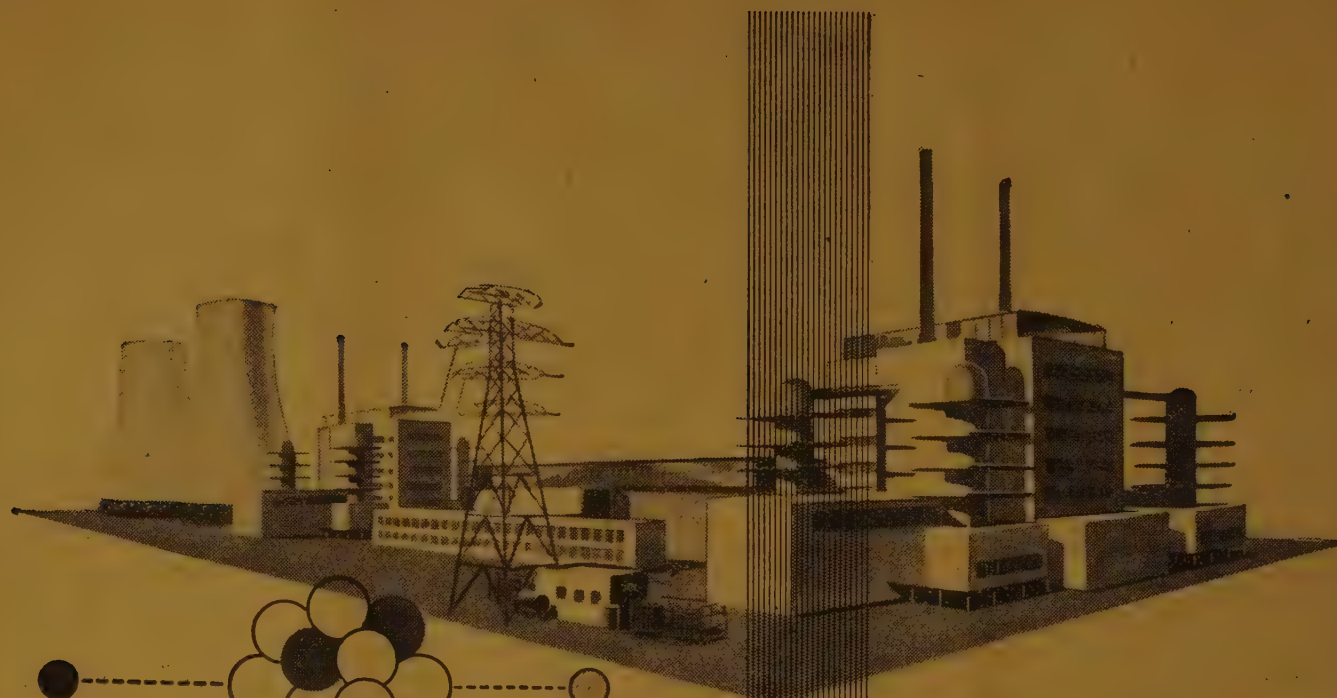
is asleep. Sometimes the brown field mouse will find the bulbs: he is the *Lilium auratum's* greatest enemy—so catch him as quickly as you can.

I wonder how many of you sowed a batch of *Campanula pyramidalis* last spring? It is a fine plant for indoor decoration and the border. These campanulas are ready for putting into pots from the border outside, where they were planted out. Use a little decayed manure in the compost. Because the roots are strong and fleshy, campanulas love something good to root into.

It is time to start off your begonia tubers now. Personally, I like to start begonias into growth in seed boxes, with plenty of room, because they make an extensive fine-root system. The compost should be on the light side—one part loam, one part leaf soil, and two parts sand. Do not use any crocks over the bottom of the box, but rather fibrous loam or very flaky leaf soil. Be careful to put these begonias the right side up. Even for the most experienced hand it is easy to make a mistake. You can easily raise as many as you like from seed, and you should sow now in a warm greenhouse. Keep the box of seed moist and well shaded. The young begonias take some little time to germinate, but they are worth it. Buy seed of a first-class strain.

What a popular plant the gloxinia is becoming. I have been greatly intrigued at the number of flat dwellers who turn out the most exquisite plants. Start them off, like the begonias, in a box, but use peat and sand with a third part loam for them. Gloxinias seem to like the peat. They love a warm greenhouse, shaded from the sun; that, of course, is the gardener's method. But the specimens grown all the time in a window would put many gardeners to shame. Gloxinias, too, are easily raised from seed sown now, under exactly the same conditions as the begonias—moisture, shade, and warmth.

Here are a few suggestions: watch the first batch of hydrangeas, just starting into growth. If they must be given a bigger pot, pot lightly—no ramming. It is always advisable to leave the old fronds on your maiden hair fern—until they have made their new growth. Do not forget to soak the ball of roots on all ferns with water. Keep a look out for watering newly-planted shrubs—large balls of soil and roots can easily become dry and parched. Finally, keep the Dutch hoe moving whenever possible—weeds are growing.—*Home Service*



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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Aspects of Africa

Sir,—Before embarking on the stormy seas of African controversy, your contributor Mr. S. Biesheuvel (THE LISTENER, April 12) would do himself some good by making sure, first of all, that his *obiter dicta* let in less water. He can do this by reading a few history books and consulting a few authorities with modern, rather than Victorian, ideas and information.

The question is often asked [he says] why African peoples did not advance beyond simple tribal cultures and have not produced any civilisations of their own. Concerning the facts there can be no dispute. Such remnants of a higher material culture as are occasionally found in tropical Africa are generally believed to be non-African in origin, the term 'African' being used here to refer to the indigenous population of Africa south of the Sahara.

It is hard to believe that your contributor has really asked himself this question: if so, he has certainly made a hash of answering it. No serious student of African history—south of the Sahara, whether 'tropical' or 'sub-tropical'—will see anything but nonsense in such statements.

If they were true, after all, then the mining civilisation of Zimbabwe, for one, could never have existed. And yet we know for certain that its origins went back at least half a millennium before the first Europeans turned the Cape of Good Hope; and that its trading connections with the outside world, hundreds of years before Vasco da Gama, included links with the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf, and indirectly with China too. As to their African origins, modern archaeology has surely settled this once and for all? Of the Zimbabwe ruins Neville Jones wrote:

The most competent investigators are of the opinion that they are of medieval age and of Bantu origin.

and he added—making nonsense of Mr. Biesheuvel's assertions about Africans having had little more in the way of culture, or of control over physical environment, than is associated with the Stone Age—that:

At the time they [the ruins] were built the art of working in iron was generally practised; the art of building in stone had been acquired; agriculture and animal husbandry were practised, and contacts had been established with countries outside Africa, whence came many imported objects...

including, as we know for certain, Indian beads and Late Sung pottery. Miss Caton-Thompson and Beck have reached the same conclusions.

Mr. Biesheuvel seems to think that Africans made no contribution either to history or to civilisation in Africa. The most charitable answer is that he is shockingly out of touch with modern scholarship. 'We ought to remember,' Professor Max Gluckman said lately,

that when the Europeans first arrived there [i.e., in central and southern Africa], there were in the Rhodesias, Transvaal, Orange Free State, across into Angola, and into East Africa, quite big and well developed civilisations. Right through the continent they were working terraced irrigation; they were mining to a depth of eighty feet for nickel, copper, and gold; and they were exporting these metals as far back as A.D. 900 by the records we can trace... These, therefore, were very well developed civilisations although surrounded by barbarians. There is archaeological evidence that they were created by Bantu Africans. The Arabs on the coast were not allowed inland but there were middleman tribes...

It is a pity, at this time of day, to have such half-baked racist fantasies as those of Mr. Biesheuvel in circulation on any programme, let alone the Third. For it now looks, on all the evidence, as though one of the great intellectual contributions of the middle decades of this century will precisely be the setting of African history, and of African civilisation, in its own proper and unique context.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.13

BASIL DAVIDSON

Sir,—I presume that the current series of talks on Africa proposes to present conflicting or complementary views of African society and that Mr. Biesheuvel's generalisations about the entire continent south of the Sahara will be countered by a more detailed consideration of facts later on. The reader will decide for himself.

But a protest must immediately be registered against a point of view which hides itself under a show of scholarship. It is surprising in this connection to find Sir Arnold Toynbee and Mrs. Elspeth Huxley cited as 'authorities' to the total neglect of the many detailed modern studies of particular African societies made in recent years by trained observers, studies which might cast doubt on Mr. Biesheuvel's thesis. Even more significant is the implicit authority behind the talk. I refer to those sections on Africa in Hegel's *Philosophy of History* where Hegel, basing his view on slight and secondhand material, tells us that Africa 'is not a part of the historical world, it shows no movement or development except in the north where it has been subject to the influence of Asia and Europe'. It is this side of Hegel which has been developed into the race-nation theory with which Dr. Biesheuvel can be presumed to sympathise. He would, however, have been more consistent than his master had he recognised that no society is static. He would have been more in tune with modern thought on the subject had he distinguished between change from within and change from without and paused to reflect on the hypothetical condition of, say, the British Isles had they remained geographically isolated for centuries.—Yours, etc.,

Institute of Social Anthropology

Oxford

D. F. POOCK

The Death Penalty

Sir,—In his review of my book *Reflections on Hanging* (THE LISTENER, April 12), Professor A. L. Goodhart writes:

His bitter attack on the judiciary is reminiscent of that made a century and a half ago by Bentham, but Bentham waited until his chief adversary had died before publishing his invective.

Professor Goodhart seems to imply that I should have followed Bentham's example; but the precept that one should wait until one's opponent is dead before attacking him appears to me ethically questionable and liable to have a somewhat frustrating effect on public controversy. I take it that by 'bitter attack on the judiciary', he means my long quotations from, and short comments on, the Lord Chief Justice's utterances on flogging, hanging, and related topics. In contrast to the sentiments imputed to Jeremy Bentham, I wish Lord Goddard a long and happy life, but a speedy end to the principles advocated by him.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

ARTHUR KOESTLER

Sir,—In his review of 'A Life for a Life?' (THE LISTENER, April 12) Professor Goodhart makes no reference to the appendix in which Sir Ernest Gowers presents 'typical extracts from the statistical material that leads to the conclusion... that homicide rates must be conditioned by factors other than the death penalty' or, in plain English, that the death penalty is not a greater deterrent than long imprisonment. This conclusion from statistics, if correct, would be of fundamental importance. A critical examination of the extracts in the light of the relevant information in the Report of the Royal Commission shows that the conclusion is not justified.

The first extract, a graph showing number of murders, compares the experiences of Queensland, New Zealand, and New South Wales from 1900 to 1948. Number of murders is an unsound basis of comparison between states with different populations or for the course of the crime in a state with a changing population. The graph conceals the fact that the murder rate in the abeyance and abolition state, Queensland, was nearly double that in the death-penalty state, New South Wales, until the latter became, first partially and then completely, an abeyance state. The murder rate in New Zealand was only about one-third of that in Queensland; but there were two periods of abeyance in New Zealand, 1925-1929 and 1935-1940, and each of these was followed by a steep and substantial rise in the murder rate. The latter rise was no doubt owing, at least in part, to the war. Nevertheless, the facts mentioned are against the questioned conclusion and they are supported by the individual cases of murderers who took the view that imprisonment was a light penalty compared with the death penalty.

The second extract compares the murder rate in Rhode Island, an abolition state smaller than Kent with less than half Kent's population, with the rate in Massachusetts, a so-called death-penalty state, seven times as large in area and population. The title says two pairs of states but that is just a mistake. In 10 years out of the 29 of the graph there were no executions in Massachusetts although there were nearly 900 murders in those 10 years. For the whole period the average was one execution for 51 murders. Clearly no sound deduction about the effect of a consistently operative death penalty can be drawn from the records of a state where the penalty is so lightly and irregularly imposed. (The average for the 11 D.P., U.S. states is 1 execution for 76 murders.)

The third extract compares murder rates in the death-penalty state, Nebraska and the abolition states, N. and S. Dakota. There were no executions in Nebraska until 1945 although there were about 500 murders. S. Dakota restored the death penalty, nominally in 1939, but there was no execution until 1947. The graph ends in 1948; clearly it can furnish no trustworthy information as to the deterrent effect of the death penalty.

The fourth extract shows the course of the murder rate in Sweden where, after a long period of almost complete abeyance, the death penalty was abolished in 1921. The graph provides no evidence of the relative deterrent effects of imprisonment and the death penalty. It shows broadly a steady decrease in the murder rate until abolition and an approximately constant



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rate after abolition. This rate is about double the English rate when the latter is adjusted to allow for the exclusion of murders of babies from the Swedish rate. Sir Ernest Gowers appears to have overlooked the need for this adjustment when he refers to the English rate as 'slightly lower' than the Swedish. The Swedish record does, however, have a special importance for comparison with the English record. The Royal Commission, having warned that the crimes counted for the murder rates are not the same in all countries, says of the Swedish rates 'it is counted that they form a group of offences whose scope is not dissimilar from the scope of murder in Great Britain'. The rates are therefore comparable and the result is against the questioned conclusion. The fact that the Swedish rate is stated to be 'the irreducible minimum' whereas the English rate fell in 1930 and 1937 to about two-fifths of the Swedish minimum points to the same result.

The fifth extract shows the course of convictions for murder in the Netherlands. It is described, erroneously, as 'homicide rate'. As the Royal Commission mentions explicitly 'the unreliability of figures of convictions as a method of assessing the prevalence of a crime' special justification seems necessary for counting the graph as representative of the murder rate. But in any case the graph provides no evidence of the relative deterrent effects of imprisonment and the death penalty. There are some discrepancies between the graph and the values in Tables 53, 57, of the Royal Commission Report.

This appendix, therefore, does not support the questioned conclusion and there are other records which point to the opposite conclusion and are, cumulatively, convincing, e.g., in the year 1948, in which the continuous operation of the death penalty was interrupted, in England and Wales the number of murders was 147, a higher value than in any other year in the period 1946-50 and 20 more than the average of the other 4 years.

I have used the term 'death penalty' throughout because 'hanging' exaggerates the emotional side; it inflames feeling, impedes calm judgement, and encourages the development of that bad spirit among the people which led the author of the book to turn, as I believe on the evidence portrayed in the Commission's Report, into the wrong road. Hanging should not be accepted as the inevitable method of applying the death penalty. It may be that, in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, sacrifice of the innocent is sanctioned to ensure the ultimate return of murderers to normal life, and to promote the upward progress of the people. It has seemed to be so in the past. But I cannot bring myself to assent to the sacrifice nor to wash my hands of the responsibility arising from the study of the records into which I have been led.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

E. GOLD

The Federation of Malaya

Sir,—It is interesting to read in THE LISTENER of April 12 that Mr. G. Longden, M.P., regards the phrase 'Any self-government is better than the best of good government' as one of 'the shallow clichés of today', when, in fact, it is as old as history and truer than much history. Our globe-trotting legislators illustrate the truth of another cliché, very far from modern: 'Coelum non animus mutant, qui trans mare currunt'. ('Those who scamper overseas change their skies but not their mentality'.) But, perhaps, Mr. Longden considers this, also, 'shallow'. Is it possible that he is under the delusion that men's minds, in the mass, are swayed by reason, and not by emotion, instinct, and sentiment? Until it results in wide-

spread and unbearable suffering and discomfort, inefficient, muddle-headed self-government is, I imagine, always preferred by its victims to better administration by aliens.—Yours, etc.,

Holt

L. CHENEVIX-TRENCH

The Problem of England's Canals

Sir,—I feel that there is one point which needs correction in Professor Rich's talk on 'the Problem of England's Canals' printed in THE LISTENER of April 12. It is true that the Birmingham canal is divided into three levels (viz., the Birmingham level, Walsall level, and Wolverhampton level, but the thirty locks at Tardebigge have nothing to do with the transfer of traffic from one to another of these levels. These locks exist on the canal from Birmingham to Worcester to enable traffic to descend from the Birmingham level to that of the Severn at Worcester.

The differences of level between the various sections of the Birmingham canal are quite small, and inter-communication between them is facilitated by small groups of locks at a number of places.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

M. B. STEDMAN

Sir,—Professor E. E. Rich made reference in his first talk on 'Canals' to the 'Slaithwaite' tunnel through the Pennines. This should be Standedge Tunnel, for Slaithwaite is some distance away from the Marsden entrance to the tunnel.

The Standedge Canal tunnel was opened on Thursday, April 4, 1811, and not in 1815. The short canal from the River Calder at Cooper's Bridge to the King's Mill, at Huddersfield, is called 'Sir John Ramsden's Canal'. The Huddersfield Canal which joins the former canal at the King's Mill was constructed at a later date by the Huddersfield Canal Company.

When the Huddersfield and Manchester Railway and Canal Company purchased both the Huddersfield canals, in the words of the chairman, 'the bargain was a capital one for the canal proprietors'.—Yours, etc.,

Huddersfield

STANLEY CHADWICK

The German Novel Today

Sir,—In his talk entitled 'The German Novel Today' (THE LISTENER, April 12) Mr. Ackerman gives disappointingly little information about the subject he has chosen to discuss. Kurt Tucholsky and Stefan Zweig are names that are hardly relevant in an assessment of German fiction as it has developed since 1945—and surely we need not look much further back than the end of the war when considering the German literary situation 'today'. If Anna Seghers is to be mentioned, there should be reference to her post-war chronicle-novel *Die Toten bleiben jung*. It is not enough to mention Ernst Jünger's *Auf den Marmorklippen* without going on to discuss his later *Heliopolis*, a large-scale essay in utopian fiction. Max Frisch's *Stiller* is certainly an important novel, but it is by no means the only significant novel written in German during the last ten years or so.

An informed survey of the contemporary fiction of literary repute which has been written in German should contain many titles not mentioned by Mr. Ackerman. The late work of Thomas Mann, especially the political novel *Doktor Faustus* and the picaresque comedy *Felix Krull*, cannot be ignored. Other significant writers who have died recently and who have all made important contributions to the post-war German novel are Hermann Broch, Elisabeth Langgasser, Theodor Plevier, and Ernst Wiechert. Among living writers there is often experimentation in a bold surrealist manner and with satirical humour; there are Hans Henny

Jahnn, Ernst Kreuder, Hans Erich Nossack, and Arno Schmidt, for instance, while the prose and poetry of Gottfried Benn continue to have a high explosive value. Gertrud von Le Fort and Werner Bergengruen write masterly *Novellen*, or long-short stories, with admirable discipline of form. Heinz Risse's fiction is packed with action and thought, as, in an equally independent way, is that of Stefan Andres.

'So there is no new *avant-garde* of young writers', Mr. Ackerman says. This statement takes no account of Ilse Aichinger, Heinrich Böll, Gerd Gaiser, Walter Jens, Hans Werner Richter, or Luise Rinser, to name only a few. A number of these writers have already had work published in English translation. It is hardly necessary to add that they are all known figures in their own country.—Yours, etc.,

Hull

H. M. WAIDSON

'Roger Casement: A New Judgement'

Sir,—Mr. Sewell Stokes in his review of Mr. MacColl's biography of Roger Casement (THE LISTENER, April 12) has got hold of the wrong end of the stick. There is no controversy about whether copies of the 'diaries' were circulated—the evidence is conclusive that they were. What is the subject of controversy is whether the 'diaries' were genuine. The evidence, which, incidentally, Mr. MacColl puts forward incompletely and uncritically, falls very short indeed of proving that.—Yours, etc.,

Dublin

THOMAS HOGAN

'The Scale of Things'

Sir,—It is strange to find, in THE LISTENER, the value of poetry measured by the amount of paper we get for our money. In the notice of Patric Dickinson's *The Scale of Things* (THE LISTENER, April 5) your reviewer calculates that 'Twenty-six pages of print—many of them half-empty—is simply not good enough for the price' (7s. 6d.). This is poetry at just under threepence-halfpenny a page. Of course, your reviewer (or Lucky Jim) could buy one-and-three-quarters evening newspapers for this, but what of it? Lucky Jim is no doubt exemplary in some of the arts of living, but need he yet be produced as arbiter of the worth of a volume of poetry?

In any case, this rate per page does not seem untraditional. In 1930 I bought *Ash Wednesday* at threepence a page, without any sense of being robbed, and threepence was threepence then. Thirteen pages of print—some of them half empty. Mr. Dickinson's publishers are more generous in that, allowing for the processes of inflation, they do not seem to have departed far from the modest scale fixed by James Joyce in his *Pomes Penyeach*.

Yours, etc.,

Rolvenden

WILLIAM TOWNSEND

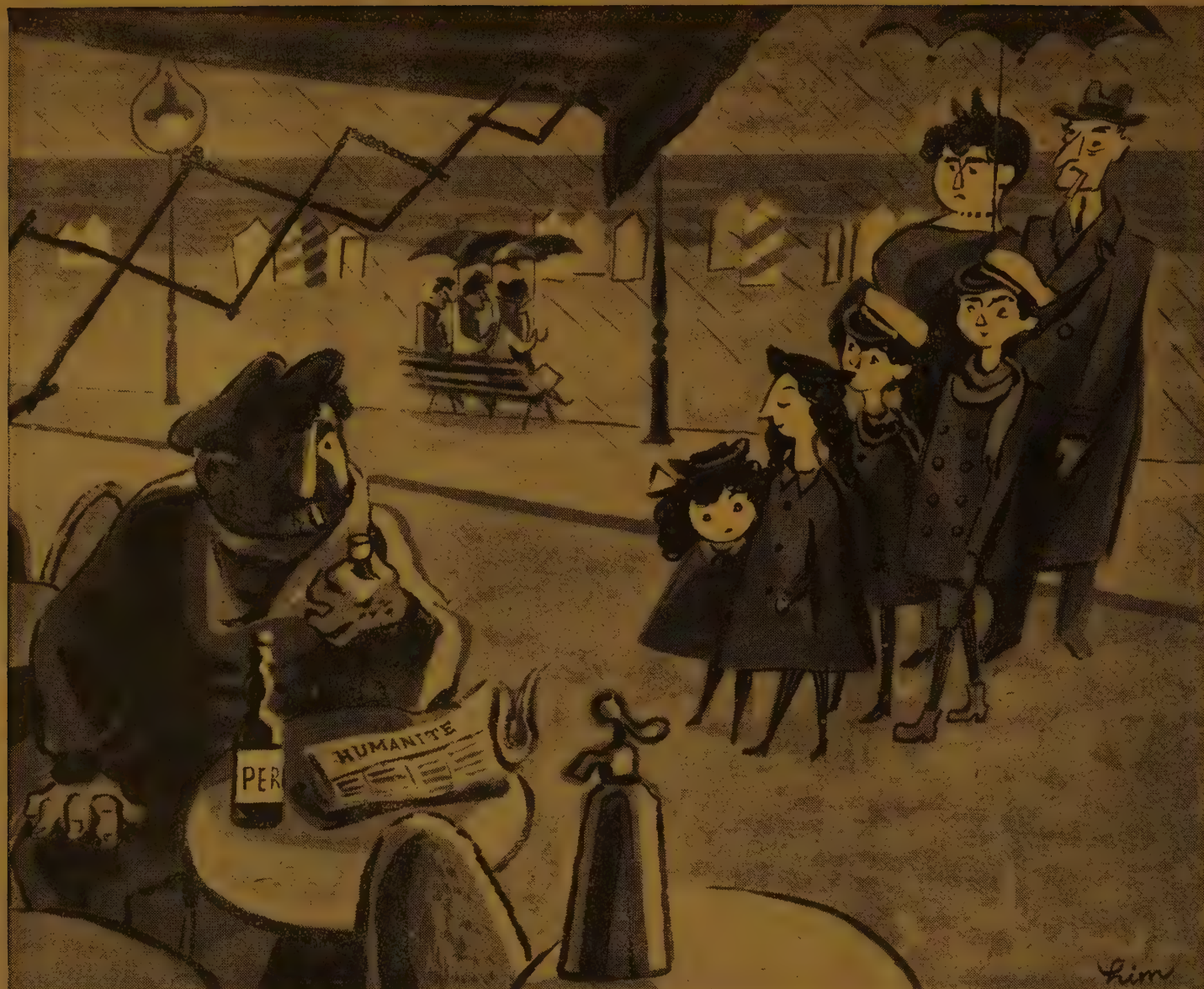
The Camberwell Beauty

Sir,—Mr. L. Hugh Newman's remarks in a recent Home Service talk (an excerpt from which was printed in THE LISTENER of April 12) are most interesting, but whether the Camberwell Beauty would 'settle' in Britain if its winters approximated to those of the Scandinavian countries remains conjectural.

I have met with specimens of the insect in both hot and cold countries—on the Tibetan Natu-la (13,000 feet above sea level), on the borders of Bhulan (11,000 feet above sea level), and in the beautiful Chumbi Valley (8,000 feet above sea level). The insect has also been seen and collected in the steamy forests of Sikkim, not only by the present writer, but also by the late Captain J. E. Ellam and Sergeant-Major F. E. Fletcher. Travellers in China have also observed the species, whose distribution in the heart of Asia is widespread.—Yours, etc.,

Helston

G. E. O. KNIGHT



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Look at the simple Worker, drinking solitary at his table a humble pastis or a double pernod before going to work in the morning, and try, if he seems to you a little blank, to look at him in perschweppTive—For here is France of the softly southern slopes whose grape is warming the responsive palate and feeding the mental resilience of the expert in the art of living.

Look quite firmly; because the Guide Book Cannot be Wrong.

Written by Stephen Poller; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERESCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Five Poems

The Minstrel

'Black night; small moon;
Stars needle-clear.
I sing a song:
To bring you cheer'.

'Away, away!
These walls are dumb—
Minstrel, not here
Song-singing come'.

'That voice sighs soft
As whispering bough?
Sing I more clearly—
Hearken, now!'

'Minstrel begone!
'Tis not night's breath
Sighs in thine ear:
I am death'.

WALTER DE LA MARE

Night Piece

Through the gentle poet's sleep
Visages of marble weep,
While around their smutted plinths
Virgins, books and hyacinths
Are undone by fetid beasts.
What sagacious leeches, priests,
Can absterge the petalled floor
Or unbar the censor's door
To fresh vistas where those lusts
Rank behind the gnostic busts,
And the violations seem
Made from that excessive dream
Which a painter has when he
Finishes reality
And beyond the wrinkled brows,
Through slim pilasters or boughs,
Paints upon the flowery hill
Little men that run and kill?
None: the contradictions of
Prone Lucrece and selfless love
Rise from that abstruse machine
Which the gross cells did not mean
With their purely sensual making.
In the rationale of waking
Only edges of the harm
Can protrude into our calm:
For example, that still sphere,
Bloody, quartered, very near,
In a portion of the sky
Fateful to man's destiny;
Or that through long vapour rides
Coldly drawing lethal tides;
Or that simply glows among
Worlds indifferent to wrong,
Mocking even that remote
Name of huntress that she got
From the temples now that lie
Broken in her violet eye.
When this race that can support
Weak, creative men who court
Constantly the very dread
In the imaginative head
Which the race by conquering

Overcame the previous thing—
When this race has vanished, who
Will observe the silvered yew
Springing out of pits of dark
In the breathings of the park,
Or the calculable rise
Of the strangely blazing skies
Signalling a prince's woe?
All will then exist as though
Purposelessness were its end;
Orbits of the planets bend
Silent on their parallels,
With their living carbon shells
In such rich fantastic shapes
As gigantic ferns and apes—
Dying, judged by clocks that freeze
Filled with cogs of galaxies.
As it would exist in fact
Did we not before the act
Place the necessary lens:
Howling satellites and dense
Gas-swathed orbs towards us glide
As a harmless lantern slide;
And the native human hope,
That reversing telescope,
Makes extinction seem so small
As not to be there at all.
Readings given by the blunt
Instrument, our body, shunt
Merely symbols from a truth
That exists cocksure, uncouth,
Sprawling over species, ages,
Universes; and whose rages
Made the flying algebra
Of this night of moon and star.

ROY FULLER

Sick Face in a Frosted Mirror

The fixed glass has been shattered
By an invisible stone,
Leaving a tethered star
In an abstract zone.

There is no violent
Centre, no radiant mark:
Only the cold and fronded flames
Converging from the bevelled dark.

Behind that furry glass
Whose green is glazed with crystal,
The face, disintegrated, swims,
A moody pastel.

Two dazed fish, the fringed
Eyes, hunt together, dart and turn
With dizzy sickness in the sugared
Coral and the ice-bound fern.

Out of the lower edge
The drugged mouth lifts,
Its pale red parted
On a word's deep drifts.

Two nostril-caverns, warm
With darkness, loom and ache
Like ice-holes melting
The expanded lake.

Out of those pits there comes
A fevered blast, that breathes
A stilled mist on the tank
Of rigid leaves:

These, insufflated by
A gust of pain, disperse
In dew, while in their place
The death's-head glares.

And is revealed in fresh disgrace
As man's sick gaze.

JAMES KIRKUP

Susquehanna

Two hundred miles up the Bay
Here and there high bluffs impose
Of a miocene blue clay,
Beyond which, flowing east and south,
Sight finds the smooth and luminous
Sedation of the great stream's mouth.

And over it from Havre de Grace
A long bridge crosses where the slow
Grey-surfaced waters spread and space;
And the one tone of a locust-free
Sways outlined for contrast to
The blurred greens of the various sea.

Humanity? Yes, this white town,
Those fishing-boats' cinnamon sails,
And on that pale beach a brown
Girl lies and another runs,
Moving so that my grip fails
On the poem's abstractions.

And history: the British burned
This place. Or upstream Ewell thrust
Furthest, before that war-tide turned.
And so on. Life, sea, past are met
In no famous brilliance—just
This ordinary conjunction. Yet,

To the accepting heart unique,
It burns to a breath-taking cry
This Maryland, this Chesapeake,
Breeding no easy lyric.—Come,
More passionate for accuracy,
And grip that vision, poem!

ROBERT CONQUEST

Two Men in a Dance Hall

Tom laughs, is free and easy;
And girls obey his call,
For whether they obey it
He hardly cares at all.

But Edward burns with longing.
And angry anxious pain
Cries from his eyes too loudly,
Too eagerly, in vain.
A. S. J. TESSIMOND

Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE Victorian Scene', as re-created at the Leicester Galleries, is presided over by a painting of Augustus Egg's depicting two personable, obviously English, young ladies reclining in opposite corner seats of a railway compartment: one is reading, the other dozing; outside the window is visible the Bay of Naples. The picture is entitled 'Travelling Companions'.

Victorian painters less sophisticated than Egg might have painted this subject just for the sake of the little joke (one can quite imagine it explained as by *Punch* in parenthesis). Looking at the picture as Egg painted it, however, one feels that its anecdotal content was for him hardly more than a pretext for composing a curious, near-symmetrical, flat linear design, a design which, in its harmonies and in its use of silhouette, anticipates Whistler's portrait of his mother, even if it does not parade its 'aesthetic' qualities in a title oblivious to its human references.

The 'Travelling Companions' is not alone among the exhibits here in showing that, if it is nowadays *de rigueur* to look back upon the Victorian scene with nostalgia rather than a Bloomsbury sneer, there are reasons other than nostalgia for taking pleasure in minor Victorian painting. It is true that many of the works whose 'formal' qualities arouse interest do so by virtue of some strangeness in their style that provokes feelings of historical curiosity which are related to nostalgia—for example, the 'Two Little Girls with a Deer and Dogs' painted in collaboration by Landseer and James Bateman, which presents a fascinating parody of Mannerist compositional devices. On the other hand, Eyre Crowe's 'A Couple by the Sea' derives its attractiveness no more from curiosity-value than from period-value, but from the crispness of its drawing and the freshness of its enamelled colour, colour washed clean, as it were, by the ozone.

Elinor Bellingham-Smith, whose landscapes and figures-in-landscape occupy the third room at the Leicester, is an apt companion for the Victorians. She conveys the same sort of wistful tenderness towards trees and grass and rivers, the same sort of elegiac feeling for the coming and going of seasons, the same sort of erotic sentimentality in her fantasies about children. Moreover, lurking behind her pictures—notably those with figures of children, but even in the deserted landscapes ('deserted' is precise)—there seems to be an entire world rooted in Victorian times, a world of small country houses and open fires and nannies in uniform and muffins for tea. The *charm* of these paintings is very like the charm of Victorian paintings.

But there is much more to them than their considerable charm—and I do not mean merely the brilliance with which they catch effects of atmosphere and make us feel the heat, the cold, the breeze, the bustling wind. There is a mastery of scale in fixing the dimensions of figures (when they are small figures) in landscapes which gives its intimacy between man and nature to the 'Figures and bullrushes', a mystery to

the banal picnickers in 'Kensington Gardens', a startling poignancy to the group of figures standing as in a bas-relief in 'Figures by wall, Blanes'. And then, above all, there is her mastery (except, again, in her treatment of figures on a large scale) of that problem which is the true test of authenticity in a painter—the problem of making the marks on the canvas function at one and the same time as members of an abstract configuration and as equivalents for the thing seen. She manages, indeed, to reconcile a most precise evocation of particular places and particular seasons with an extreme freedom of calligraphy,

so that, in the 'Figures in the Rain', for example, she is able to repeat the same mark—a short, straight, diagonal stab—again and again (thereby giving unity to the picture-surface) while investing that mark with a variety of meanings according to its position on the canvas. It is this autonomy of her handwriting that makes Elinor Bellingham-Smith the heir of those qualities in Alexander Cozens and David Cox that we value most highly today.

Roland, Browne and Delbanco are showing 'Two Masters of Colour: Matthew Smith and Roderick O'Connor'. O'Connor was an Irish contemporary of Sickert who knew Gauguin at Pont Aven. This is the first exhibition that has ever been held of his work, for he never



'A Couple by the Sea', by Eyre Crowe: from the exhibition 'The Victorian Scene', at the Leicester Galleries

attempted to have one in his lifetime. It is not given much help by the presence of an excellent selection of Matthew Smiths (notably Nos. 5, 12, and 16). Interesting as it is to see paintings by an unknown which we are told were admired by Sir Matthew—who knew O'Connor—in his formative years, the paintings themselves seem the daubs of an intelligent amateur with no centre and no real vision.

David Tindle, who has a one-man show at the Piccadilly Gallery, is a very young painter (born 1932) with a certain cleverness in getting illusionistic effects and a way of drawing that is both spineless and insensitive. His work has been bought by several public bodies. This exhibition would not be worth mentioning if it were not for a single picture that shows serious talent—a large painting of a studio interior in which forms spreading across a cinematic breadth of canvas are held together with a striking coherence and continuity.

Two galleries present us with young painters of the School of Paris. Why the august spaces of the Marlborough should be housing the academic-modernist concoctions of Jacques Boussard, Isaac Pailès, and Bill Parker is beyond my comprehension. Gimpel's, however, offer a most rewarding exhibition of Jean-Paul Riopelle, who is probably one of the two outstanding young abstract painters in Paris, the other being Sam Francis (it is indicative of where the source of energy in current abstract painting resides that Francis comes from the United States and Riopelle from Canada). Incidentally, it is a rare pleasure to see an exhibition of a young foreign painter in a London dealer's gallery in which the works have been selected and arranged with such thought and care.



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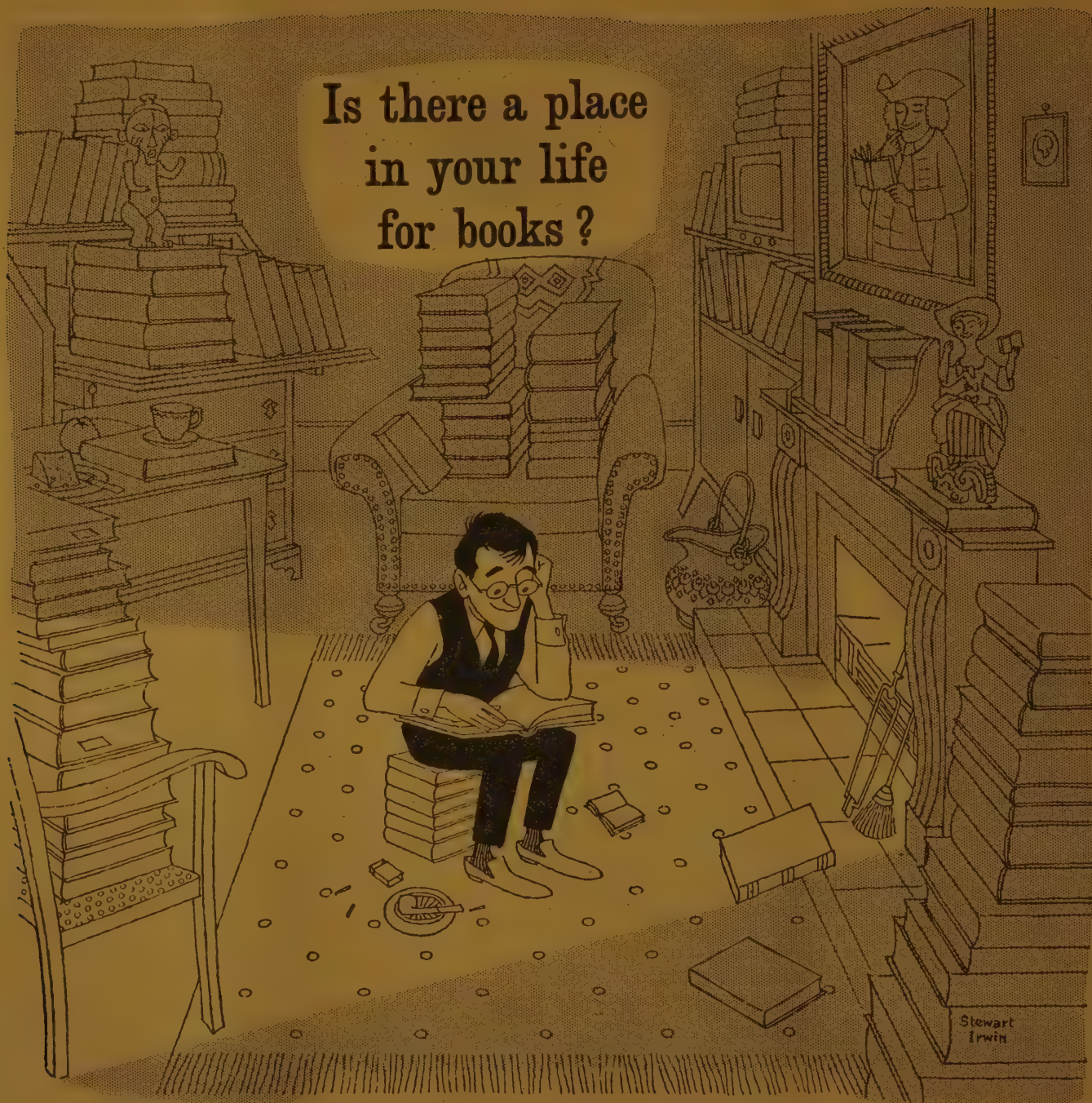
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction. By Mario Praz. Oxford. 45s.

THAT A THOUSAND PITIES it is that it should be one of the unwritten laws of criticism today at every writer on literature must hold to a thesis, support an argument, undergo an exercise in dialectics, instead of talking happily and receptively about what interests him! In this book Professor Praz manages to do both, but it is to be wished that he had confined himself to the latter. For his argument, which occupies the earlier part of the book is wholly unconvincing, even though it is profusely illustrated with productions, largely of Dutch *genre* pictures. The thesis is that the Victorian novel was together *Biedermeier*, redolent of bourgeois morality (bourgeois being a good umbrella word to cover the ideas by which most people live and some affect to despise). But when, since the days of *Moll Flanders*, has the novel, a form of literature devised for the reading of the mass of people who do read at all, been anything else? It is not Tom Jones and Emma Woodhouse as bourgeois as Clive Newcome or Dorothea of *Middlemarch*? And were there no 'romantic' heroes in Victorian novels? Professor Praz does not mention Heathcliff or Nevil Beauchamp; he hardly touches upon Meredith, who would not doed fit in with his thesis, since he is 'the most poetical, the most volatile, of English story-tellers'. Nevertheless, a thesis may be, as Dryden said of plots in plays, a good scaffolding to hang fine things upon, and even in the first part of the book, devoted to the theme 'Romanticism turns bourgeois', Professor Praz has some illuminating things to say about Scott, Keats, Peacock, Lamb, De Quincey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, though he falls short of himself when discussing Macaulay. Bagehot would have served as turn well there.

But when he puts his thesis behind him and enters upon discussions of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and George Eliot, we find ourselves in the stimulating, enlarging Mario Praz world, full of a wide learning which is in no way pedantic, but which enhances our sense of the creative world, and makes the subject glow. Sometimes the thesis intrudes, but now helpfully, as when he accepts the view that Dickens was no social reformer, no revolutionary, since the idea of revolution is alien to the *Biedermeier* spirit; here he provides an admirable antidote to those who exalt *Hard Times* above the better, more really creative work of Dickens. If he perfectly sympathises with Thackeray, he takes up for this in a warm appreciation of Trollope. He is most exciting, most illuminating, when he compares George Eliot with Proust, not to equate them, but to show in what respects Proust was influenced by George Eliot. He ends with two appendixes, the first a probing essay on *The Angel in the House*, a bourgeois novel where there was one, showing to what an enormous extent Patmore was affected by the metaphysical poets.

And all the while in reading this book, admirably translated by Mr. Angus Davidson, we share the sense, sometimes of discovery, always of ordering our impressions, relating them to a wider field than is possible to most, references continually being made to authors of different countries in different centuries, as also to many painters, in a way that is unusually convincing. It does not matter, when a book is written with such solidity and such energy, whether agreement is always compelled; the

matter is brilliantly sorted out and presented to us. The copious notes at the end of each part are in themselves absorbing, but at the same time, together with the illustrations, cast new side-lights, now broad beams on to the subject.

And what happens when that phase was over? After George Eliot, 'The way was open from the realist to the intimist novel. Disillusioned observation of life as it really was, led to the eclipse of the hero and the disclosure of man's swarming interior world' from which 'was to arise later a new magic, with Henry James and Marcel Proust'. It is much to be hoped that Professor Praz will deal with this, and with what happened next. Will he perhaps find a new kind of romantic agony?

Genetics in the Atomic Age

By Charlotte Auerbach.

Oliver and Boyd. 8s. 6d.

The risk of genetic damage due to radiation, whether caused by X-rays, by the peaceful use of atomic energy, by the trial of thermo-nuclear weapons or their use in war, has lately started to worry the governments of many countries. However, the lay public finds it difficult to understand the issues involved, as the science of genetics uses a somewhat difficult terminology of its own and some of its most important concepts are formulated mathematically. The author of the present book is one of the pioneers of mutation research who, early in the last war, discovered the mutagenic action of certain war gases and other chemicals and thereby opened up the whole field of chemical mutagenesis. In her spare time, she writes children's stories.

This unusual combination of accomplishments has enabled her to write a charming little book which introduces the reader gently and almost without any technicalities to the very root of the matter. From the scientific point of view, the treatment is perfectly sound, and where simplifications have been used this is clearly stated. Simple illustrations, some of them amusing, greatly help to make things palatable. The book deserves a wide circulation as a bridge to a field which influences our daily lives to an extent not commonly appreciated.

Strawberry Fair. By Osbert Wyndham Hewett. Murray. 18s.

Readers of mid-Victorian biographies and memoirs have often come across the name of Lady Waldegrave, and sometimes, as in the letters of Edward Lear, the brilliance of her appearance and personality has been discernible. She has now been made the subject of a biography by an author with an appropriately special interest in the social history of her time.

Frances Braham (1821-1879) was the daughter of John Braham (1774-1856), the greatest tenor of his day, for whom Weber wrote 'Oberon'. Braham's wife was somewhat extravagant and socially ambitious: there was a staff of fourteen and much entertaining at The Grange, Brompton. Frances, fair, shapely, healthy, lively, with big blue eyes and a beautiful complexion, made a strong impression, in a white chip bonnet and a pink satin cloak, upon John Waldegrave, illegitimate son of the sixth earl of that name. That was at Strawberry Hill in 1838. In the following year she married him. She was seventeen, he was nineteen, handsome, epileptic, bibulous, uncouth but amiable, with mortgaged estates. With his brother George, Earl Waldegrave, they set up a *ménage à trois*, and there

were high jinks, pillow-fights, and hide-and-seek. Her husband died within a year of delirium tremens, and in 1840, not without some hesitation, she married George. He was a harum-scarum playboy or aristocratic hooligan, and not long after their marriage she settled down to share six months' detention with him in the Queen's Bench, where she gave delightful dinner-parties and excited the 'greatest interest' in the young Queen herself. To pacify his creditors her husband sold the contents of Strawberry Hill. They seem to have been happy until he sank into semi-imbecility and died, on the sixth anniversary of their wedding, of cirrhosis of the liver.

Still young, beautiful, and rich, Lady Waldegrave now married a Mr. Harcourt, a pompous widower of sixty-one, a more solid partner for her than his predecessors. She evolved into a political hostess of such ability and influence that she was variously described as 'the most remarkable woman in society' and 'the great political woman of the day'. After the death of her third husband she married Lear's friend Chichester Fortescue, later Lord Carlingford, a politician of some ability and a man of some charm, who had adored her for years and had led a chaste life for her sake.

With commendable industry Mr. Hewett has assembled and arranged the material for the life of this once-conspicuous woman, and it is sad to learn that at one of her houses he was told that it had taken the gardener two days to burn letters and papers found in the cellars. If too great a respect for the past may lead to a sterile rigidity of outlook, too little is destructive of civilisation: it is not for gardeners to assess the worth or worthlessness of family papers. But Mr. Hewett still found much material to wrestle with. To the average reader Lady Waldegrave may seem more interesting in her family and conjugal relationships than as the 'great political woman', in her private motives than in her public fame. About her first thirty years there is something exciting and touching; in the raffishness of her family there is something slightly Dickensian; and the young beauty seems adventurous and independent. It is not Mr. Hewett's fault that there is less bloom upon the worldly political hostess, the lists of guests, and the parliamentary manoeuvrings. His achievement is to have brought into focus a neglected celebrity and to have added to the seemingly inexhaustible variety of social history in the nineteenth century.

History in a Changing World. By Geoffrey Barraclough. Blackwell. 18s.

In this curious book Professor Barraclough collects fifteen essays, half of them previously unpublished. They were all composed after 1945, and he feels that they all reflect a new mood or apprehension of European history. 'It was the Russian victory at Stalingrad in 1943 that made a revision of European history imperative' for him. The basic result is that our self-contained Europe is gone for ever and we must take into account Russia and the U.S.A. as we have not done before. History has real meaning only in so far as it is world history.

Some of the essays here say this, somewhat repetitiously. Some are concerned with narrower themes—such as 'Reflections on medieval history and the term Medium Aevum', 'Medieval Kingship', 'Frederick Barbarossa and the Twelfth Century'. But what is presumably most important for Professor Barraclough is the first essay, in which he discusses the decline of nine-

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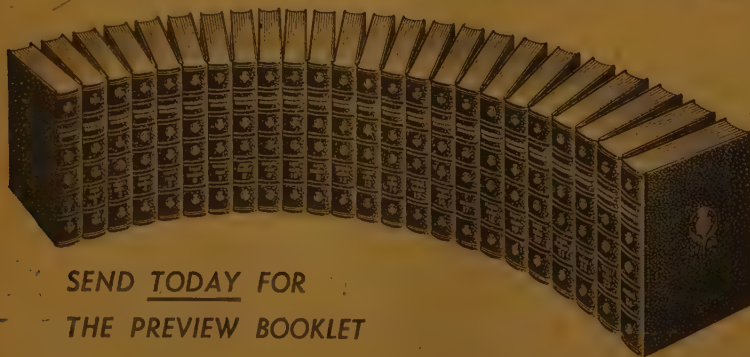
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ninth-century historicism. He sees Spengler and Toynbee 'as the first positive reaction in the writing of history against the excesses of historicism' though 'at the present stage at least' he feels a reinterpretation of European history is the most profitable line to pursue. In the final essay, 'What it is all about', he apparently accepts a morphological view of the past, not dissimilar from Spengler's, and concludes in an 'all passion spent' kind of serenity: 'Though our own spring and summer may have passed, we can look forward to a new spring and a new summer . . . just as fair and no less inspiring than the last'.

'Half of the historian's time', says the author, is spent on clearing away the myths which encumber our knowledge of the past'. This is profoundly true. And Professor Barraclough does good service in demolishing the assumption that, because certain persons and interests today advocate a 'European' or 'West European' unity in culture and politics, this is based on any earlier reality. Of course it is not: Europe or 'the West' are to be made, for they have not existed like this in the past, as he conclusively shows. But is he not encouraging as dangerous and misleading a myth in saying 'only a history that is universal in spirit . . . can serve our purpose'? For millennia the world was not one (just as Europe was not one) and to write universal history before (say) the sixteenth century is silly. A history of the middle ages in Europe west of the Elbe which was written entirely around the Tartars and Islam would be a fantastic distortion of the permanent preoccupations of the peoples in the area. These contacts with Asia and Africa were important and are properly given much space in the narratives of scholars: but they are not central. Just so it would be ridiculous to write of China in our medieval period primarily in terms of contact with the west. The Aztecs and the Eskimos join the one world of today at very different points of time. They are only part of the world all the time for the sociologist.

Perhaps these criticisms are beside the point: it is not always easy to follow Professor Barraclough's arguments. And it may be unfair to conclude, as one is tempted to do, that the conventional history in this volume will be more valuable than the essays in a more polemical and prophetic style. It is good to have in permanent form the well-known essay on the medieval empire and there is also a hitherto unpublished essay of great lucidity and penetration on 'Russia and Europe'.

Memoirs of Michael Károlyi: Faith without Illusion. Cape. 35s.

Michael Károlyi had the reputation of at best a *frondeur*. But his memoirs show him to have been what his friends knew all along—a potentially constructive statesman. As soon as he turned any serious attention to public affairs, that is to say so long ago as 1910 when he was thirty-five, he began to oppose the dominant and characteristic trend of the policy of the Habsburg Empire. This policy involved the alliance between Vienna and Berlin, and the subjection of the Slav and other races in the Monarchy to the *Herrenvölker*, the Germans and the Magyars: the corollary was a latent conflict with Slavonic Russia. Károlyi wished his own Magyar nation to come to terms with the Slavs and Rumanians in a Danubian Federation, and thus to escape from German dictation. This meant that during the 1914-18 war his sympathies were really with the *Entente*, and already he was sufficiently courageous not to shrink from denunciation as a traitor. As he suggests, if his plan could but have succeeded, there might have been a great central-European bloc to oppose to Hitler, which would at the same time have had every interest

to escape from the domination of Russia. Historically the most important part of this book is Károlyi's account of the years from 1917 until he was forced into exile in the summer of 1919. His description of the young Emperor Charles and his consort, Zita, expresses a certain sympathy for this unhappy pair. But he could save neither them, nor, in the end, himself, although the French General in command of south-eastern operations had said to his compatriots of Károlyi '*C'est le seul homme qui peut atténuer votre sort. Ralliez vous autour de lui. Il est votre seul espoir*'. The strange thing was that Károlyi was in effect edged out of his position as president of the Hungarian Republic by the Social Democrats who foolishly rushed into the arms of the Communists. This was exactly what the representatives of the old order wanted, for they knew that it would lead to excesses and a reaction which would sweep them back to authority. Károlyi's account of these developments is as good as anything one can hope for; a critic might wonder whether he did not exaggerate the power of the Hungarian trade unions at that time—were they really strong enough to serve as the foundations of a new socialist state? Later he himself seemed to feel that the failure of those days was already written into the pages of history before he took the responsibility for the proclamation of the republic.

The rest of this book is a shrewd and, on the whole, benevolent commentary upon Károlyi's times and contemporaries—from Charlie Chaplin (with whom we see him photographed) to Bertrand Russell. Of many delightful portraits those of Nitti and of Robert Dell in the Paris of the 'twenties stand out. Of Nitti he writes . . . 'The contempt he nursed for Mussolini knew no bounds. From his ever-smiling lips a stream of invective would flow in the sweetest of tones, as if he were confessing his love to a woman'.

Károlyi's conclusion is headed by the proud words 'I have loved justice and hated iniquity: therefore I die in exile'. This was the truth. Perhaps it was true, too, as he claims here, that he owed more to his enemies than to his friends, 'for the never-subsiding hatred and wrath with which they honoured me for half a century contributed greatly to what I became, and helped me to find myself'.

This book is admirably produced; it is only a pity that the notes have been made practically inaccessible. Károlyi himself wrote remarkably short, lucid sentences in Hungarian: this has facilitated the translation, which faithfully renders and frequently co-ordinates the more fragmentary original.

The Flowers of Evil: Baudelaire. A Bilingual Edition edited by M. and J. Mathews.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.

This volume claims to offer 'the best English translations of Baudelaire's poems' made since the publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal* in 1857. The editors (of the University of Washington, Seattle) have industriously ransacked those minor poets who have been held under the Baudelairean spell, as potent as was that of Horace for the eighteenth century. Each translation, we are told, 'has won a competition, some against as many as twenty versions of the same poem'. The French poems are printed 'for comparison and for themselves, as an appendix'.

This legacy of an epoch (it would be revealing to know which poems had attracted the largest numbers of translators) seems to have little to do with Baudelaire. A reader coming to the poet for the first time through the medium of these translations must surely wonder what all

the fuss has been about. '*Voici le maître-livre de notre poésie*', writes Yves Bonnefoy, one of the most gifted of the new poets, in a recent essay; yet here, in these English versions, there seems little more than the clutter of romantic abracadabra, emotional incoherence, and inflated revolt. It is hard for the reader, with this volume before him, to sense that he is in the presence of a major literary work, and such a sense is all that can be hoped for from verse-translations. Perhaps Valéry indicated the difficulty: Baudelaire, he wrote, '*était né sensuel et précis*', and that combination of gifts is native neither to the English character nor to the English language. English translation may be able to transmit the romantic *décor*, but it diffuses the weight of the French verses and softens their hard, analytic core. It is as impossible to translate the classical Baudelaire as it is to translate Racine.

There is possibly only one approach to the problem of rendering Baudelaire into English, and two of the most successful translators here have, perhaps instinctively, taken it. The poetic stature of a major poet is testified by the development of one or other side of his genius in the hands of his successors; there is a Laforgue and a Rimbaudian Baudelaire, as there is a Baudelaire of Mallarmé and Corbière. The most considerable poet among these translators, Mr. Roy Campbell, who has indeed performed the remarkable feat of translating the complete *Fleurs du Mal* into English, owes his triumphs (and they are not a few) to his affinity with the young Rimbaud who was one facet of the posthumous Baudelaire. 'The snarling of hearts adult in ulcerated passion', is close to Baudelaire because Rimbaud was close to him; but '*Fourmillante cité* . . .', for example, cannot be transposed into such sharp music. Similarly Mr. David Paul, this book's most interesting discovery, seems to come to Baudelaire through Tristan Corbière, and the influence of that poet, it might be suspected, has liberated him from the hypnotic compulsions of Baudelairean metric on most English translators. Whenever the reader comes across his versions (the editors call them 'creative renderings') something comes alive on the page.

Cheap hotels, the haunts of dubious solaces,
Are filling with tarts, and crooks, their sleek accomplices,
And thieves, who have never heard of restraint
or remorse,
Return now to their work as a matter of course,
Forcing safes behind carefully re-locked doors,
To get a few days' living and put clothes on their whores.

That may not be exactly Baudelaire, but it is in the tradition of Vilon, Baudelaire, and Corbière. It could be wished that Mr. Paul might emulate Mr. Campbell and provide us with a translation of all the poems.

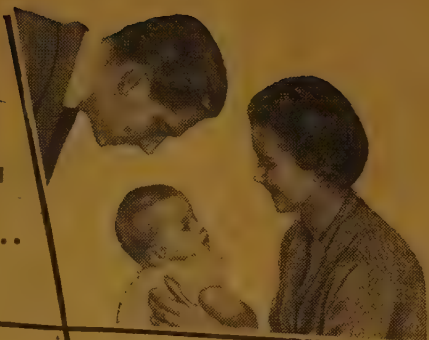
The Far East, 1942-1946. By F. C. Jones, Hugh Borton, and B. R. Pearn. Oxford. 60s.

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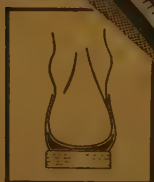
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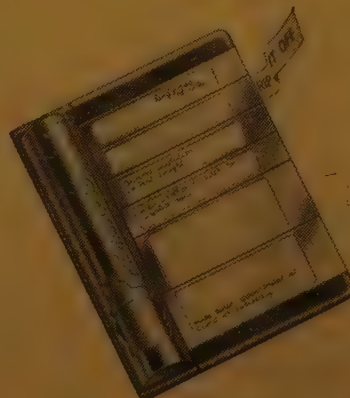
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the Soviet Union and Germany, and as the fortunes of battle on the Russian front changed from apparent German triumph to certain Russian victory, so the motives changed in Tokyo for wanting an armistice. Japan viewed the possibility of Germany's defeat of Russia, which would give the Nazi armies access to the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, with some alarm. Russian success raised the spectre of her intervention against Japan. There was little love lost between Tokyo and Berlin, for it was clear to the Japanese that once Germany had set foot in the Far East, Hitler's acceptance of Japan as an ultimate victor over western nations could never be reconciled with his fanatical racial prejudices.

As the war in Europe entered its final stages, and American troops won island after island in the Pacific, Japan began to see the writing on the wall. As early as the autumn of 1944 certain elements in Japan were thinking of a compromise peace; by the spring of 1945, with the war

party in Japan fast giving way to pressures from the peace group, the idea was canvassed of a limited surrender, so long as the status of the Emperor was not impaired. The Allies insisted on unconditional surrender or utter destructive defeat. In desperation Japan turned to the Soviet Union in the hope that she would be able to temper the demands of her two partners in the Grand Alliance. Tokyo also believed that the Soviet Union would perhaps not be willing to enter the Far East war and see Japan beaten to her knees, because that would mean leaving the United States supreme in the Pacific. Subsequent events are well known. Today, ten years after, the Japanese are still resentful about two episodes at the end of the war: the entry of the Soviet Union, and the dropping of atom bombs on Japan. This book shows quite clearly that by May or June 1945 Japan was in such parlous straits, with her army retreating on every front, and oil and food supplies fast running out, that the use of

neither Russians nor atom bombs was necessary for a quick conclusion to hostilities.

In the second part of the book, which covers the Far East after the war, the first stirrings of Asian resurgence are discernible. The sorry story of Kuomintang China just before and after the Japanese surrender, and of Chiang Kai-shek's preoccupation with defeating the Communists in the north rather than of complete victory over the Japanese, is covered in some detail. The account is not, happily, weighted with those prejudices which have tended to lessen the authenticity of recent American books on the period.

The authors, two British and one American, have covered much ground with great thoroughness. In the case of the Allied occupation of Japan and Korea they have extended their mandate to include 1947. To say that this book maintains, if not slightly exceeds, the high standard of Chatham House surveys is recommendation enough.

New Novels

The Flight from the Enchanter. By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

Company of Heaven. By Julian Callender. Wingate. 13s. 6d.

Up Jenkins! By Ronald Hingley. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

Son of Stalin. By Riccardo Bacchelli. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

MISS MURDOCH has been praised for so many qualities that it is hard to know whether wit, phantasy, sentiment, or farce predominate in her very individual work. One critic said at the end of a laudatory review of *The Flight from the Enchanter*, 'at least she says something'—without, however saying what she says. And as I re-read her book, I realise how difficult it is to say what she says. One reads on effortlessly, chuckling, sighing, exclaiming, purring, without knowing why. She is an excellent entertainer who says (as far as I can see in this book), that London intellectual society is a zoo.

The Flight from the Enchanter shows how a number of ineffective Chelsea-type intellectuals and broken-down civil servants are dominated by one man, and how that domination is ended. A good idea. How many of us have not said to ourselves, 'Yes, that is the man I must keep in with, whom everyone must think is my friend. People will think much more of me then'. And no doubt we have behaved very ludicrously in our efforts to show that he is our friend. The book may therefore be described as a satire; for the Leviathan is revealed with feet of clay, and his sycophants are all discredited. Apart from this little moral lesson, Miss Murdoch provides a series of disconnected scenes of a baroque nature, often excruciatingly funny if in questionable taste—the lush girl, for instance, who makes love to two Polish brothers in front of their deaf-mute mother. Then there is a hilarious scene where a number of eccentric old women argue about a suffragette newspaper. But perhaps her most remarkable quality is the ability to amuse us by the spectacle of petty minds confronted with the trivia of everyday life. The soliloquies of her character, Hunter, a young newspaper editor, made me realise, for instance, how I waste half the day wondering whether someone will ring me up—whether I should have sent that letter air-mail. Should I have my hair cut today—or tomorrow? Coming from a sex credited with devoting much time to such problems, this is most disconcerting, and salutary.

Julian Callender's *Company of Heaven* is another piece of satirical observation. It, too, says something—with such concentrated fury that

one blinks two or three times a page, at this crackling attack on the Church of England, its hypocrisy, phariseism, cant. Having clearly been in orders himself, Mr. Callender has formed an exceedingly low opinion of episcopalian methods. 'No bishop, no king', he sees the whole Anglican system as an unspiritual, uncharitable, unchristian form of power politics. In his august cathedral precincts, we might as well be in Tammany politics. Ambition, acquisitiveness, toadying to the great, arrogance to the lowly, these are the qualities of his clergymen.

But are there not a number of parish priests all over the world who are doing good in their various unostentatious ways, none of whom are bishops, or even anxious to mount the episcopal ladder? And are not these the only men who matter in the church? Much as everyone will admire Mr. Callender's Voltairean prose and chuckle over his sallies, they will not all agree with his conclusions. Technically, too, his book has its faults. He has made his curate hero go through so many clerical hoops that the scales are weighted against his overseers. There are too many unctuous bishops, venal vicars, hypocritical head-masters. The edge of Mr. Callender's admirable satire is blunted by trying to hit them all at once.

A third satire. Mr. Hingley's *Up Jenkins!* is an attack on the People's Democracies. It suffers a little from the speed of recent events; a satire of Stalinism claiming to warn us about the future, it is already a thing of the past. Indeed, it might well be approved on their London visit by the present leaders of Russia, although they would hardly appreciate its comedy. Big Brother watches us; we make love by numbers, there are doctors' purges; children are rationed, there are black market babies, etc. If its entertainment value is considerable, politically it is less convincing in England: '... the perambulator and toy industries can be diverted into more productive channels, such as the manufacture of small arms, booby traps and poison-gas containers in support of our International Good Will drive ...' So speaks a comrade. But is not this warning to an old and civilised race a little naive? I have always felt that countries like England and France have too great a sense of the ridiculous

to allow such rubbish. Against what Mr. Hingley's characters would no doubt call this ideological approach must be set some extremely amusing scenes, calculated to show humanity emerging for its brief moment—as when the machine-like lady doctor conducting a Prescribed Reaction Test on an attractive young man suddenly strips herself. Then there is a cricket match with an enemy state, with super-sonic fast bowlers who crack the stumps they bowl at. Total Cricket! A readable novel, but, as satire, ponderous.

The name of Riccardo Bacchelli on a book is a guarantee of a respectable, if slightly grand-motherly, humanity. The tradition of Manzoni, the liberal notions of the *Risorgimento*, are still very much alive in the author of *The Mill on the Po*. So, when he turns to the unlikely subject of a German prisoner-of-war camp in East Prussia, in 1943, we can expect, at least, a novel devoid of political propaganda. *Son of Stalin* seems, indeed, a most unlikely subject for Bacchelli—bombastic German camp officials, 'extermination' doctors, human 'guinea-pig' tests, the son of Stalin himself as a prisoner; all surely very far, in temper as well as place, from the gentle plains of Lombardy.

As we would expect, he handles all this brutality in an individual way. He does not condemn it, satirise the cruel commandant (although he obviously dislikes the Germans), or reveal the ghastly clumsiness of the Teutonic mind—he interprets it. He has, as I see it, set himself the task of showing that people living in unusual conditions, in a brutal epoch, all still retain some humanity. The son of Stalin (I believe such a person actually exists), whom the Germans want to use for anti-communist propaganda, and the Russian fellow-prisoners want to use for communist propaganda, refuses to be drawn into either camp. A gentle fellow, embarrassed by his paternity, he wants only to be himself, to avoid the twentieth-century fanaticisms, to return to his humdrum civilian employment as soon as possible. He is Signor Bacchelli's Richard Cromwell. But I wonder if the son of Stalin, living somewhere today in Russia, would recognise himself.

ANTHONY RHODES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Bubbles of Scepticism

PATIENT REALISM or impatient idealism: if television could help more of us to choose wisely between those alternatives of our present situation it might qualify for the respect which is still mainly evoked by its technical rather than social achievements. William Blake said that he could look at a knot in a piece of wood until it frightened him. Without posing oneself as a sensitive in that high degree, one can say that the constant study of television is capable of producing states of alarm. Assuming the personal stance, I doubt whether it will prove to be any more of a boon and a blessing to man than the conquest of the air. It is flooding society



As seen by the viewer: 'Winged Menace' on April 10—left, the tsetse fly, carrier of sleeping sickness; right, the flea, one of the most prolific carriers of disease

with entertainment and little else, certainly little that is likely to be of permanent value. At least three years ago I wrote of it here as a time-wasting social force. Nothing that has happened since causes me to brandish the charge with less confidence. On the contrary, the alarm arises from a belief that television is eroding our country's good sense with its ceaseless projection of loose notions and unrelated information. After sixty years of popular journalism, it has needed only three or four years of large-scale visual broadcasting to make the danger plain beyond all mistaking. The nation is losing its memory. As an inevitable instrument of popular clamour, television is speeding that eclipse. Following the wedding at Monte Carlo this week (three-and-a-quarter hours of it), I expect to write in a still more sombre mood. What real purpose, beyond satisfying a large and gaping curiosity, will be served by televising that event?

Last week was not all banality, but the margin on the side of good sense was hardly impressive. I cannot go on writing week after week about 'Panorama', which again had its moments: Woodrow Wyatt taking political and economic soundings in Pakistan; enheartening if also tragic scenes among the deaf-and-dumb of West Ham. 'Winged Menace' was a World Health Day programme about disease-bearing insects and their effect on populations, an uncongenial subject for all the sympathetic ingenuity brought to bear on it by the film units of Shell Petroleum and United Nations. It is evidently a sign of these begrudging times that it becomes harder to appreciate the work of those who go about doing good. We can but pray that they will continue to do it. Convalescing from a peculiar ailment which may have been a result of seeing too much television, I gave 'Look' a

miss, to be told afterwards that it showed some attractive shots of the Derbyshire dales. The critical impulse was stirred at once: what was 'Look' doing in the realm of the travelogue? It will be unfortunate if there is deterioration in that series, unique in giving us some of television's few durable memories, the eagles of Captain Knight, H. G. Hurrell's pine martens, Heinz Seilmann's woodpeckers, Lord Alan-brooke's hawks. Nor did I see 'Report from America', dealing with smog over there, a pertinent topic for anyone who lives in Chelsea, as I do. I can imagine that it was forceful illustration like the earlier programmes in the series, but my verdict on 'Report from America', so far, is that it has not touched the springs of American life and feeling so successfully as Aidan Crawley's film excursion to the Middle West a couple of years ago.

For a viewing majority the week's high point will have been the second instalment of the Hass saga, taking us down to the Mediterranean sea floor, where we saw superb shots of a shark and learned something about the scurrilous trade of the dynamite fishermen of the Aegean. Excitement was supplied by the capture of a formidable sting ray. Then a bubble of scepticism rose in the mind as we watched the struggles of a man said

to be in danger of drowning from having caught his foot in a rope. If the danger was as real as his efforts to free himself suggested, what was the man with the camera doing about it? The episode introduced what seemed to be an element of fiction, out of place in a programme so obviously designed to hold our attention by the truth and nothing but the truth. The honesty of these programmes should not be in doubt, a proscription that might well include the background music.

Hardly anything else that television does is more insinuatingly capable of traducing a critic than the outside broadcasts from distant places. I enjoyed the televised football games on Saturday afternoon from Colombes in France and from Middlesbrough in Yorkshire, marvelling, as always, at the efficiency with which we were transported from one to the other. The pictures

were first-rate in quality, an improvement which I believe is being widely reported by B.B.C. loyalists. In that matter nothing so good has as yet been seen in Channel 9. The magic carpet appeal of television was emphasised when from the gloom of a wet day in London we were enabled to look at the sunlit football ground in the north.

Among my residue observations of the week I put first the discovery of Kenneth Horne, the comedian, as an unusually able commentator on the passing scene. His use of the microphone in 'Saturday-Night Out', from Grosvenor House, London, was unexpectedly competent, and we must hope for more appearances of his in that role. Gilbert Harding, who trailed a microphone in the same programme, started in a spiritless voice which recovered its fruitiness when he taked to a *sommelier* about wine. There were touches of fabrication which did not help the programme; otherwise, it made a pleasantly instructive, if insubstantial, half-hour's viewing. A film tour of the Kremlin on Sunday night was followed, presumably not as an affair of chance, by a film about the tragedy of refugees fleeing from east Germany. Part of the first was overshadowed by the foul murder of the Tsar and his family in 1918. All of the second was overshadowed by man's continuing inhumanity to man.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

The Flowers that Bloom . . .

WE SHALL REMEMBER it as the week when not alone the forsythia swayed and glowed in the uncertain winds; when a haze of green and pink began to smudge the black branches of the winter. Now it becomes increasingly hard to keep one's eye on the monochrome rectangle and the latest sort of murder story. New life, not old death in the library, is what calls. But, alas, the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with 'the case'. So we must remember this also as the week in which Dad Grove tried to give up smoking: in which we saw that lady from Leatherhead impersonating Mme. de Staël: in which a singing pig was entered for the male voice in the Eisteddfod: and in which, after much stress and strain, Dr. Stephen Murray of 'My Friend Charles' was 'cleared' and able to catch Miss Raine in



Two shots from the Soviet film 'Inside the Kremlin', seen on television on April 15: left, the Kremlin clock; right, the eighteenth-century Imperial Crown

Photographs: John Curd



Scene from 'The Singing Pig' on April 10, with Sidney Evans as P.C. Davies, Eynon Evans as William Amos, and Jack Walters as Daniel Jenkins, and villagers played by D. L. Davies, Cynddylan Williams, Harriet Lewis, Gwenyth Petty, and W. H. Williams

his arms, shrug off the inspector, and leave the voice on the telephone frantically talking to itself.

Francis Durbridge's serial has been musing and not really implausible. By the time the cheery chappie from Sunningdale (Francis Matthews) suddenly whisked open the cupboard door and saw the tape recorder taking down all the incriminating stuff he had been saying, we had heard his terrible admissions and seen the change in his eyes from doggie trustfulness to sinister menace. It even took the doctor slightly off his guard. 'What, you?' he said—or some such lapidary phrase—'You the murderer?' At which the menace whipped out what I thought was a tin opener, but which must really have been a penknife, for it ripped in a second through the sofa cushion with which Dr. Murray so conveniently defended himself, throwing up a snowstorm of feathers, through which Inspector Arnatt, ever imperturbable, arrived in the nick of time to felly the assassin with a rabbit-punch. You will want to know how he got on? Let sleeping serials lie: enough is enough.

Of the excellent acting and production I have little but good to report. There is, however, one small matter which ought to be attended to in these thrillers. I mean the element of silence; for instance, it played a great part in that long wait while the doctor paced the room and consulted his watch. At such times, even the least suspenseful-living of us knows, one's sense of hearing grows acute: a clock, unheard before, ticks savagely. How sad it is in most television productions that at such times silence seems impossible to achieve. It is precisely during these deathly hushes that we hear, with exaggerated clarity, the creaking of doors, the wheezing of 'props' men, the clanking of rollies, the squeak of the microphone-boom on its crane.

'Juniper Hall', by Winifred Gerin, had interesting parochial associations for viewers who live near Dorking (quite a number of them, to judge by the number of aeriels one can count in those parts), for it was at the Hall that Fanny Burney met General d'Arblay, who was to provide her with her name as the authoress of 'Fanny'. This was Fanny's view of herself rather than the sort of objective view of her that is reflected of her in Mr. Thrale's diary—after the

quarrel. It was more like one of those historical feature programmes one heard of yore on the Home Service than a play. The formula is different on television. On sound, it ran: 'Who's that interesting looking fellow with a club foot yonder?' To which the reply came 'Oh don't you know Lord Byron, etc., etc.?' With vision to help us, fewer hints are needed, but the historical background has to be built up somehow. The Leatherhead company acquitted itself with honour, though these impersonators did not entirely displace other notions of the great and the less great whom they portrayed. It was a civilised evening, a change from killing.

Back to the corpses! On Friday, in the second of

by John Dickson Carr, *The Seat of the Scornful*, had been ingeniously made into a play by Ted Allan and gave great pleasure. There was the corpse on the carpet. There was Basil Sydney sitting inscrutable, if not scornful, at his table. There was the ring at the bell, yes, and well-named Inspector Arnold Bell at your service, just finished on 'The Whole Truth' job. The new play was better than the old, because it is really about the meaning of murder and has an ironical slant—the hanging judge too intimately involved with the murder—which lifts the piece above the usual puzzle. (Incidentally, if detective tales are only puzzles, as we are sometimes told, why do they need to involve murder?) The acting by the above named and many others was admirable. I will not add 'No flowers', but I trust this piece will presently be exhumed. It would be worth seeing again.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Return Tickets

'WELL . . . SO IT IS', said Hugh Burden, and in the space of those dots he spoke a novel: something that this actor has a habit of doing. He can magnify a comma. One feels that if Mr. Burden raised an eyebrow before the microphone, we should be aware of it. That is why he is so profoundly right as—in their entirely different ways—the questing Reeve of the Shewin chronicles, and now Charles Ryder of 'Brideshead Revisited' (Home). Charles is narrator, looker-on: these are his 'sacred and profane' memories. Though we see the portrait of the Brideshead family, and its personal dilemmas, through his eyes, all the plums in the orchard appear to be for other people. At least, it is probably so in the script: not in performance where there is no trace of a mere 'Charles, his friend'. Mr. Burden always remains a personage from the moment the middle-aged infantry officer learns that Brigade H.Q. will be at 'a big private house with two or three lakes; village with one pub and a post-office': Brideshead Castle in Wiltshire. 'Well . . . so it is'.

Charles has been there before. Presently we also return: to Oxford and Venice and London as well, but, above all, to Brideshead, the house of the dome and the columns and the fountain and the extraordinary, dispersed family; people who though they seem



'Juniper Hall', with the Leatherhead Repertory Company, on April 12. Left to right: Alan White as Captain Phillips, Michael Allinson as General Alexandre d'Arblay, Kathleen Crawley as Susan Phillips, Rosemary Webster as Fanny Burney, Megan Latimer as Madame de Stael, and Lee Fox as Talleyrand

Ernest Dudley's 'Judge for Yourself' series, we reached the favourite crime of all: murder by and of women. Everyone told the most appalling lies. It made you, like Mathilda's aunt in the cautionary tale, 'gasps and stretch your eyes'.

The fate which fell on Ananias and Sapphira should surely have descended on this court of law, and though there is unfortunately good reason to believe that perjury is commoner today than it was in a Bible-fearing epoch, it is hard to think it is quite as rife as this. However, a good time was had by all, and Mr. Dudley sought our verdict suavely. It occurs to me that this dramatised game, murder in jest, is only half my property. To Mr. Pound I would say that he may have it if he will, and good luck to him, for I have other murders a-plenty.

For instance, on Sunday night, that ingenious book



'The Seat of the Scornful' on April 15, with (left to right) William Franklyn as Frederick Barlow, Jacqueline Hill as Cynthia Lee, William Lucas as Tony Morell, and Basil Sydney as Mr. Justice Ireton

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perificially to be from the early Waugh novels, a much deepened and strengthened. Lance Eeking, in a most subtle treatment of the novel, a re-piecing of its jigsaw, has had to select and delete. It must have been a grim decision to cut out Mr. Samgrass (of All Souls), if we do have a few moments of Anthony Blanche ('Cruel, too, in the wanton insect-aiming manner of the very young and fearless') and a few moments of the snuffling Syder senior, though not that sad menu. (It is one of the inevitable defects of dramatisation that we cannot taste; and Waugh is good on memorable meals.) However, none of these things matters much. What does is the crumbling of the Brideshead family that is, nevertheless, united in faith more strongly than it knows. Robert Eddison found for Sebastian the pouting charm that belonged to that doomed youth in love with his own childhood: a pity that both novel and play must lose him. Mr. Burden and Mr. Eddison made a happy interlude of the Brideshead wine-tasting—yes, I take it back; here we knew everything. 'Everything to do with wine is wonderful'—poor Sebastian!

Most of the family came up as we had hoped: David Markham, for example, as Brideshead with his rock-crystal mask and rock-crystal voice, his 'mad certainty', and his marriage to Admiral Muspratt's widow (even though the admiral had left the Muspratt collection of match-boxes to Falmouth Town Library). Basil Dignam brought off Marchmain, the exile who dies at home, and in the faith; and others—Gordon Davies, for one, as the totally unimaginative Mottram—moved smoothly from the book into Donald McWhinnie's production. It left us strangely wistful, not perhaps 'unusually cheerful', after Hugh Burden—'homeless, childless, middle-aged, loveless'—has expressed both the 'fierce little human tragedy' of Brideshead and the certainty of the flame that burned afresh among the old stones.

'Well . . . so it is'. The words came unbidden as I listened to 'Mademoiselle Jaire' (Third) which Joanna Richardson and Patric Dickinson have translated and adapted from the original by Michel de Ghelderode. I had met Ghelderode once before in the Third Programme: his 'Sire Halewyn', a prolonged purple patch, did dwell in memory. I recall the dire medieval night when snow was a binding-sheet over the Flanders plain. 'Mademoiselle Jaire' is quite another matter. My cry of recognition was for the story of the laughter of Jairus in the fifth chapter of Mark: 'Why make you this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead but sleepeth'. Ghelderode's play, a distortion in a Flemish setting, is about as consoling as a nightmare while spread upon a akir's couch of nails. On radio there was a five-minute colloquy between two brought from the dead, Blandine Jaire and the man Lazarus, that will linger with me against myself, something I want to lose. But the murmuring intonation of Ernest Milton's Lazarus, like a voice from under the earth, will not vanish.

I detested the play and feared it—Ghelderode writes at times with a kind of hot dragon-breath menace—and such a line as 'Let me hold you. Your coldness is good for me. Let me share your shroud', is not for all markets.

For all that, if the play had to be done—and it is an uncompromising business—it could not (one feels) have been translated with more fidelity, nor acted in a sterner spirit: the names of Joan Miller, John Slater, Sulwen Morgan, Robert Eddison (again); but how far, this doctor, from Sebastian Flyte) will speak for that. The production (John Gibson's) set the rack up in the studio, plucked at our emotions, as it were, with red-hot tongs, and measured us for the shroud. What fun they do have in Flanders!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Two Ships

I SPENT MOST of last week in a corner of England which is intolerant of the Third Programme. Here the local spirits of the air have formed the habit of accompanying speakers with the refreshing sound of a sizable waterfall and often show surprising skill in waylaying the vital words in every sentence and swamping them. This sort of thing is not good for the irascible critic and I decided that it was safer to eschew the Third. On the Home Service a new series called 'The Best of Yesterday,' a title which denotes a rummaging among old recorded talks in B.B.C. archives and a selection from the most interesting, opened on Monday. This first talk was 'The Sinking of the *Titanic*' by Commander C. H. Lightoller who was Second Officer at the time. The *Titanic* was on her maiden voyage when, during the night of April 15, 1912, she struck an iceberg and sank with the loss of over 1,500 lives. It was an impressive talk, quiet and unsensational, as was to be expected in a broadcast first given over twenty-four years after the event. Commander Lightoller mentioned two strange incidents connected with the tragedy which, he said, had never been explained: first, a warning, sent to the *Titanic* on the fatal day, that several icebergs had been sighted was never delivered to the bridge; second, another ship, the *California*, was clearly seen not far ahead after the *Titanic* was struck, yet she paid no attention to repeated calls for help. In the first case, no doubt, the radio operator who alone could have explained it was lost in the wreck, but it is almost incredible that the second incident remains unexplained.

Ships and railway engines still rouse my admiring reverence and I fully expected to enjoy 'Empress of Britain' in which Raymond Baxter reported on his cruise in the grand new C.P.R. liner prior to her maiden voyage. Mr. Baxter can transmit vivid impressions of the multifarious adventures to which he willingly subjects himself, but this time I must sadly record that I found the programme thundering dull, and thundering is the word, because a succession of humdrum, perfunctory, and awkward chats between Mr. Baxter and various members of the crew were accompanied, for as long as I listened, by a heavy rumbling—the good ship's works, no doubt—which became a major affliction.

Between these two broadcasts I paid a visit of inspection to 'The Critics'. Unfortunately, as critic of 'The Critics' I am heavily handicapped. There are several ways of enjoying or making good use of this programme. To have seen, heard, or read all or most of the items they are discussing is no doubt the best. Then you become an active, though silent, participator, agreeing warmly with Tom, spurning the notions of Dick, and perhaps gaining a new point of view from a brilliant remark by Henrietta. Or you may be acquainted with one or more of the six performers, and this adds greatly to your interest in the broadcast. Finally, you may be a modest person who wants to know what to think about this and that and are ready to think as 'The Critics' ordain. But such dewy innocence is not for me. I have long since reached the stage of that sensible child who is reputed to have exclaimed: 'How do I know what I think till I hear what I say?'

It is very rarely that 'The Critics' discuss anything I have seen, heard, or read, nor do I take any steps afterwards to act on their recommendations. Evidently, then, I am in no position to praise or blame their views. All I can do is to look in, like an inspector, and report that things are lively or not. Last week I found a cheerful and intelligent gang forging ahead under their able foreman, Norman Fisher. Their

subject under 'Radio' was 'Take It From Here', a programme of which I also know a thing or two, and here I thought they might have dug more deeply in their attempt to explain its peculiar appeal. What they did say would fit some other shows equally well.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Brisk and Hearty

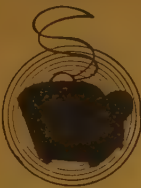
BRISK, BRUSQUE, SLICK, SNAPPY—these are the adjectives I find jotted in the margin of my *Radio Times*. It does seem that the high technical accomplishment of orchestral players tempts temperamental conductors to indulge in speeding for sake of the sheer exhilaration, and to put too much stress upon points in the score to the detriment of the work as a whole. Perhaps, too, the *Zeitgeist* of this impatient, restless age, with its jets and rockets, makes the old tempo of the world of Mozart and Schubert seem sluggish. Yet I cannot but feel that to introduce so much nervous energy into Schubert's C major Symphony as Wilhelm Furtwängler did throughout his recording of the work broadcast last week is to deprive the music of one of its most valuable characteristics—its easy charm and leisurely expansiveness.

Furtwängler's C major Symphony, as I advisedly call it, is none the less a great virtuoso performance, exciting and alive, little as one may approve of its arbitrariness in the matter of tempi and changes of tempi. I cannot allow that qualification to the performances of Mozart's Adagio and Fugue in C minor and Violin Concerto in A major which opened a series of Thursday evening concerts in the Home Service devoted to the bicentenary's music. The fugue was played in a coarse and lumpy manner owing to the strong over-accentuation of leads and sforzandos, and Mr. Rostal's playing of the solo in the concerto was positively brutal in its disregard of all grace, tenderness, and sensibility in the opening movement. The *Serenata Notturna* in D for two orchestras came off rather better.

The kind of treatment meted out to Mozart's concerto was stylistically appropriate to Walter Piston's, played by Louis Kaufmann with the London Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Bernard Herrmann. Piston's music has a vitality and zest that at first hearing just bowled one over by its sheer heartiness. But, apart from the lyrical slow movement in which the hearty, as hearties do, becomes a little sentimental, the closer acquaintance of a second performance did not increase one's admiration. It is just a little too slick. But it is at least a composition. Copland's 'The Red Pony' Suite, based on a film-score, showed up as disappointing, coming from a composer who has seemed the brightest hope of the United States. For, reorganised or not, it remained film-music, desultory and incomplete without the complementary visual images. The conductor himself contributed an elegy 'For the Fallen' of the second world war—a touching, sensitively written piece, whose thought, perhaps, hardly matched up to the immensity of its subject. It is in no spirit of chauvinism that I assert the obvious fact that our own Edmund Rubbra's Sixth Symphony towered above these American works just because it is *not* a steel-and-concrete skyscraper but a noble edifice built by a craftsman without resort to prefabricated parts.

I greatly regret that I missed the first of H. C. Robbins Landon's programmes on the Pre-classical Symphony, for his second was a most interesting exposition of the German symphony in the middle years of the eighteenth century. The two 'Mannheim' symphonies of Johann Stamitz and Holzbauer were well worth

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earing for their own sakes in the excellent performances given by the London Mozart layers under Harry Blech, who really does understand the style of eighteenth-century music, playing it with elegance as well as fire. Mr. Robbins Landon thinks poorly of C. P. E. Bach and certainly produced a symphony that proved his point. Still, it is in his keyboard-music that Emmanuel Bach's imaginative invention is more amply displayed. I was glad, on the other

hand, to hear Leopold Mozart well spoken of. Wolfgang's father is apt to be written off as a bore and a boor. We heard him not long ago described as 'a tyrannical father', in order to fit in with the speaker's view of Wolfgang's psychology. Here he was presented as the author of the 'Toy Symphony', *ci-devant* Haydn's, which was performed from the recently discovered original, and longer, score in which it is described as a Cassation or 'Sinfonia Berchtes-

gadensis'. It is good to know that Hitler's hide-out once had pleasanter associations. The performance sounded as if the musicians were enjoying the fun of playing cuckoo, etc. as much as one used to do at Christmas parties. And, apart from the fun, it is obvious that Beethoven must have had this or another 'Berchtesgaden' Symphony in mind when he composed his 'Pastoral'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

An Early Tudor Master

By HUGH BAILLIE

A Mass by Ludford will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 6.25 p.m. on Thursday, April 26

THE expression 'Tudor music' has become so indelibly associated with the music of Elizabethan composers—Byrd and Tallis, Weelkes and Wilbye, Morley and Bull—that we tend to forget that 'Tudor music' also includes the music of Fayrfax and Ludford, Cornyshe and Taverner, and many others. The music of the Elizabethans is now well known and easily accessible both in print and in performance, and its high quality is accepted; Byrd has been called the English 'Mozart', while the Elizabethan madrigal was unrivalled. What is not so often realised is that the earlier Tudor composers likewise wrote music that was at least the equal of anything that was being composed on the Continent at the same time.

There is for us a wide gulf between the Henricians and the 'Elizabethans', a gulf that cannot be explained merely by the sheer inaccessibility of Henrician music, nor by the normal progress of musical technique between 1525 when Fayrfax died, and 1588 when Byrd published his first madrigals. This gulf is much deeper; it marks the dividing line between the medieval and the modern eras of music. To understand this is essential, for we shall not otherwise do full justice to the music of Fayrfax and Ludford. Modern music depends on melody and harmony, on the building up and resolution of tensions, on growth and development. Medieval music seems comparatively static to us; and a composition of symphonic dimensions by Ludford or Fayrfax is more like a series of subtly contrasted miniatures, each representing a single idea or mood, than the larger canvas of modern music, wherein the various details flow towards a focal climax. Medieval music relies on contrasts of texture, rhythm, and colour. Tensions and climaxes are there but they are achieved in ways that are very different from those of modern music. These differences are so fundamental as to hinder our efforts to enjoy medieval music, but the mental adjustment necessary to ears conditioned by modern music is well worth while.

Much of the church music of Ludford and his contemporaries takes into account a factor of whose importance we are becoming increasingly aware: the buildings in which it was to be performed and which conditioned its development. The music requires the peculiar high-faulty resonance that is characteristic of Perpendicular cathedrals, and without such resonance it tends to sound flat and cold. Its principal features are its large scale and complexity. The choir must be of a size and ability such as you would have but rarely found outside the royal chapels in Tudor times. The Chapel Royal itself, under Henry VIII whose musical enthusiasm and ability are well known, was a more distinguished body of musicians than it had been at any time since the reign of Henry V. If, therefore, we take into account (1) the stimulus

offered by the King, (2) the resonant qualities of all the fine Perpendicular royal chapels, and (3) the fact that almost all the composers who wrote in this style are now known to have been associated with one or other of the royal chapels, we shall then be justified in naming this style 'royal' church music. It was, perhaps the finest, the shortest lived, and final flower of English medieval music.

The first composition of this kind which we can definitely date is Fayrfax's motet, 'Aeternae laudis lilium', which was written for a royal visit to St. Albans in 1502. Thirty years later the style seems to have been more or less dead; Taverner was the last important composer and he ceased writing about 1530. Perhaps religious changes, with their demand for musical economy and simplicity, were already being felt; whatever the cause of the halt it seems to have been quite abrupt. Thirty years is a short life for such a distinctive musical style.

Nicholas Ludford seems to have been an obscure figure even in his own day. Two factors may have contributed to this. First, he passed most of his life in the sheltered cloisters of the Royal College of Irregular Canons of St. Stephen's, Westminster. Second, he appears to have composed nothing but church music; at any rate all that we can now definitely ascribe to him is liturgical choral music (though he may be the composer of some surviving anonymous organ music). Most of the other leading composers of the time, by contrast, were noted for their secular as well as their sacred music, and for this reason they enjoyed greater fame during their lifetimes. Cornyshe wrote songs (and dramatic prose and verse); Fayrfax wrote songs and string music; Hugh Ashton wrote keyboard music. Certain other composers such as John Lloyd even busied themselves in public affairs. Ludford wrote only church music and his reputation never spread outside the Church; he was never the public figure that the others were. And it is because of his retiring disposition, no doubt, that Ludford has taken longer than some of his contemporaries to receive due recognition.

It is only by chance that we have more of Ludford's 'royal' church music than any other composer's save Fayrfax. If it were not for the four Masses and the Magnificat in the Caius and Lambeth choir books we should have no more than a handful of fragments. It is true that there are three Masses and four motets in the Peterhouse part-books, but these lack the tenor part. Fortunately there was at St. Stephen's with Ludford a Canon Edward Higgon, lawyer and King's chaplain, who was an enthusiastic amateur musician, and it was he who compiled and copied the Caius and Lambeth books. But for him Ludford would now probably be lumped together with such as Norman, Alwood, and Knight, and be remembered as no more than one of the many minor Henrician composers.

Ludford's 'royal' style Masses follow the conventional pattern of his contemporaries. *Kyrie* is omitted; only the four extended movements of the Ordinary—*Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus* (with *Benedictus*) and *Agnus Dei* are set to music. The opening music of each movement is almost identical—a standard practice; otherwise the only factor unifying the work is the plain-song melody which runs through the texture of each movement. Unlike some of his contemporaries, Ludford set the whole of his text to music; he did not telescope it, or excise phrases, or set only alternate sentences. There is little attempt at illustrating the words, though occasional words or phrases—'Jesus Christe', for example—have deliberately impressive settings. Where Ludford seems to have excelled his contemporaries is in an unerring sense of vocal colour resulting in beautiful effects that look most unpromising on paper. Duets for soprano and bass, trios in which two voices chatter in hurrying rhythmic counterpoint while the third flows slowly and serenely above or below, long melismata on unlikely vowel sounds such as *eee*: these effects, which depend very much for their success on the highly resonant buildings in which they were developed and for which they were written, are contrasted and grouped with great care and subtlety, giving the work much more structural integrity than is apparent from a mere view of the score. A good example of the neatness and ingenuity of Ludford's formal sense is to be found in the *Credo* of the Mass 'Videte Miraculum' where, after the narrative Articles of Faith have been set with great beauty and imagination the purely doctrinal tenets are allotted to a series of brief note-for-note duets, leading to a final, spacious full-chorus setting of *Et expecto et Amen*.

In his own field, and accepting the freedoms and limitations of a remarkable, short-lived style, Ludford had no superior. His full-scale Mass music can, once the basic principles of its composition are understood, bear aesthetic comparison with any music of any period.

Two new volumes have been added to the 'Brief Lives' series published by Collins, price 8s. 6d. Sir Philip Magnus writes in a lively way about Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. David Ogg re-examines the political history of the late seventeenth century in a study of *William III* which is mainly concerned with his statesmanship.

The first number of a new international art review, *Prisme des Arts*, has recently been published in Paris (1 bis, Rue Henri Rochefort, Paris XVII^e). It is edited by Raymond Cogniat and Waldemar George, and its purpose is to keep its readers informed of the latest activities in the world of art. Ten numbers will be published every year and the price in England of each number is 6s.; the review is being distributed in this country by art galleries and bookshops.

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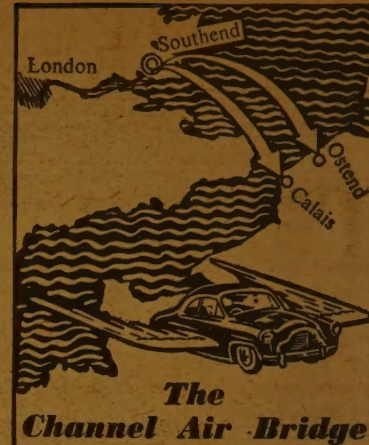
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Savoury Custards

By AMBROSE HEATH

THE three custards I am going to describe make excellent dishes in their own right, and it is a simple recipe which can be adapted for one, two, or more people. The one like best is flavoured very faintly with curry powder, but the other two contain cheese or tomato, so there is something for every taste. Here is the curry one, which has a base of fish, though you can use other things underneath if you would rather.

A good sort of fish to use is filleted plaice or monk sole, hake is even better. Whatever fish you use, dry it in a cloth before putting it into the pie-dish. Grease a pie-dish large enough to hold the fish when covered by the custard, put the fish into it, and sprinkle it with salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice.

Make the custard with these ingredients:

- 2 level tablespoons of flour
- 1 teaspoon of curry powder
- 1 oz. of melted butter or margarine
- 2 eggs well beaten into $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk
- a pinch of salt.

Mix the flour, curry powder, and salt in a bowl, and add the melted butter or margarine. Mix quickly before the fat has time to cool, until you have a smooth mixture, and then stir into this, a little at a time, the

egg-and-milk mixture, this must be smooth and creamy. Pour it over the fish, and bake it for thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven. You will know it is cooked when the middle part is firm to the touch. You can make this dish with cooked fish, if you like, or you could put other things underneath, such as hard-boiled eggs, sliced, cooked potatoes or cooked macaroni, or chopped, cooked, white meat. And if you would like it to taste more strongly of curry, more curry powder can be added, and perhaps a little onion juice instead of the lemon.

For the other flavours I have mentioned you use the same basic ingredients. Then, for the cheesy custard, stir in at the last moment two tablespoons of grated cheese, or, for the tomato flavour, one tablespoon of tomato sauce, or, what I think is much better, imported Italian tomato puree, which you can buy in some shops in conveniently small tins for ninepence or tenpence each. A little goes a long way, and I think it is invaluable in the modern kitchen. These two custards are much improved by being sprinkled with grated cheese before the dish is put into a moderate oven for thirty to forty minutes. If you are one of those people who have been converted to the faint taste of garlic, all three dishes are improved if you first rub the

pie dish very lightly round with a cut clove of garlic before it is greased.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

- LORD STRANG, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (page 436): Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office, 1949-53; author of *The Foreign Office*
- JOHN MIDGLEY (page 438): Foreign Editor of *The Economist*; until recently Bonn correspondent of *The Times*
- R. V. JONES, C.B., C.B.E. (page 440): Professor of Natural Philosophy, Aberdeen University since 1946; Director of Scientific Intelligence, Ministry of Defence, 1952-53
- ULICK O'CONNOR (page 445): journalist; contributor to *The Irish Times*, *Time and Tide*, etc.
- SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON (page 452): President of the Royal Academy since December 1954; Professor of Architecture, Royal Academy Schools, since 1947; Professor of Architecture, London University, 1919-46, emeritus since 1947
- JOHN HALE (page 454): Fellow and Tutor in Modern History, Jesus College, Oxford; author of *England and the Italian Renaissance*

Crossword No. 1,351. Quips and Quiddities. By Odysseus

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 26. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

Each across-light except 16-13-28 is a member of a known alliterative pair, such as 'bed and board', 'Beatrice and Benedick'. The clue leads, more or less straightforwardly, to the other member. Thus, 'sealing substance' would give 'wax' and the light would be 'wane'. These clues are arranged in

alphabetical order of the lights. Some definite articles (as in 'the soup and the savoury') have been ignored. Down clues are normal.

CLUES—ACROSS

16, 13, 28. Island in which wild head-hunters once wandered (6). Help (4). Bands (5). 16, 13 (4). Sir Andrew's wine (3). Increasing (5). Grill (4, 4, 3). Cheats (5). Watch (3). 'In embalmed darkness guess — sweet' (5). Friend of Charlie (5, rev.). Remote (3). Help (3). Eighteenth-century poet (5, rev.). Pursues (5). Panel (5). Another place (6). Length (8). Cancelled (2, rev.). Maker (7). Sprinkle (3). '—, their sharp spines being gone' (8). Hooligan (5). British bird (7). Avuncular tale-teller (7). Arena (4). Except (6). Stopping-place (6). Outstanding performers (7). 1½ lb of hair (4, rev.). Occasion (4). Animation (3, rev.).

DOWN

1R. Belt-wearers known to be in flight (5). 2. The dismembered poet becomes vermillion by law (8). 3. Shaving the painter, certainly (6). 4. Product from the earthly happy rose (5). 5. 'One entire and — chrysolite' (7). 6. I race among the shrubs (5). 7. Orthodox clergyman takes half a part in opera (4). 8. A playwright from Tours (5). 9R. Girl for whose sake a tennis champion joined a revolutionary army (5). 10R. Change in disturbed wine for a sporting authority (6). 11R. Superlative finish to the French Orient (3). 12. Outsiders in 5, but the favourite here (3). 14. The chief dissolves into tears (4). 15. Trick—giving the wrong change, perhaps (5). 17. Countenances the duplicity of Three Wise Men (7). 18. Ceremonial wear. (There isn't any left in the flats) (3). 19R. Cook a second time (6). 20. A bear loses his head and havoc ensues (4).

21R. Flaccid lyrics? (4). 22R. Story that's the making of an Irish composer (5). 23. Land beyond the Channel (5). 24. Little brother upset the game in this joint (6). 25. A brave undertaking would be incomplete without this French declaration (4). 26. Having lost his drink, the pig-keeper becomes an old crock (5). 27. Beware noise in the hen-coop! (5). 29. French city with no French street in it (5). 30R. 'Your — may hide the baldness of your brows' (4). 31. Ancestor of 1D. (4). 32. Camp language in absurd understatement (4). 33. Make the French article for niggardly payment (4). 34R. Tail of a tail (3).

Solution of No. 1,349

M	E	C	T	A	H	T	E	P	A	E	X
M	I	R	E	S	M	O	E	N	C	I	N
P	I	S	N	E	R	T	N	U	E	S	C
T	T	A	I	R	E	O	A	I	A	R	T
R	A	S	I	N	E	P	O	T	E	B	E
P	B	K	U	S	H	O	D	O	R	A	R
O	L	I	C	H	D	S	A	U	R	I	A
P	E	E	L	E	S	R	E	T	S	E	L
O	R	E	L	S	E	R	T	A	N	S	E
D	R	E	U	A	L	S	E	A	T	H	Y
E	N	E	S	C	A	T	C	V	M	E	O
O	A	M	N	S	P	S	E	A	A	L	M
N	O	D	S	I	H	P	P	O	L	Y	T

NOTES

Quotation in diagonals from Sir William Watson's *Ver Tenebrosum*, 2. *Hasheen*.

Across: 13. Anag. of mire. 14. S.v. osmium. 15. (Ma-)chine. 18. Ret(rate). 19. Unesco(ried). 23. Ti-a-r. 25. Spoonerism of 'to be' (= future). 34. S-p(eriscope)-eler. 35. Eff(soon)s. 37. Hidden. 38. T-ran-se(-ise). 40. (La)ur(-ate). 49. He(-C)athy. 49. (Coll)apse. 50. Harm. 51. Rev. of dons.

Down: 3. Rev. of res-a skier. 4. Hidden. 6. Ham-ee. 8. Rev. of ante. 10. (Cor)sair. 11. (No)icent. 12. Ex-one-rate. 20. Qui-da. 26. T-err-en-Ely. 30. Halls-hot. 36. Rev. of a vat to. 39. Anag. of almah. 40. Arno(id). 41. Rev. of deem. 42. (R)alph. 44. My na(me).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. N. Worledge (Stammore); 2nd prize: T. Stansfield (Edinburgh, 4); 3rd prize: W. K. Armitstead (Colchester).

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